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The Sugar Round the Pill

WHEN the Trades Union Congress meets at Blackpool on Monday, delegates will have had the opportunity to study three documents which have a bearing on their deliberations. The first two are the Report of their General Council and the statement of policy published last Tuesday by the Labour Party under the title *Our First Duty—Peace*. These both make comfortable reading; and there is little doubt that trade union leaders will have inwardly digested them without a twinge of discomfort. The third document is the *Bulletin* issued by the Economic Commission for Europe, analysing developments in the first quarter of 1951 and looking ahead to prospective trends. Here, if by chance they have noted it, delegates will have found matter of a different, and definitely indigestible nature.

We observed last week that the General Council, in implying that the rearmament bill could be met without any relaxation by the unions of their determination to maintain real wages, was trying to have it all ways at once. The same criticism can be levelled with equal force against the Labour Party statement. This starts from the premise that the present rearmament programme is "the minimum required to deter aggression," and that "it cannot be reduced unless there is first a change for the better in the conditions which made it necessary." But having thus stoutly rebuffed all those who have argued that Britain's capacity to resist hypothetical aggression might be weakened, rather than strengthened, if absolute priority, regardless of economic or social considerations, were given to armaments, the statement becomes soothingly reassuring. Not merely must maintenance of the social services still be "a first charge on the community," but there are to be no cuts in housing or capital development; essential foods are to be kept, by subsidies, "within the reach of the ordinary family"; more money is to be spent on education, and there is to be no retrenchment at the expense of the World Plan to aid backward countries. Except for a hint that more pay for the military piper must come from recipients of large unearned incomes, the picture presented is of a steady increment of armed strength without sacrifices or tears.

Into this filmy bubble of complacency the E.C.E. *Bulletin* inserts an embarrassingly sharp statistical pin. Pointing out that both import prices and retail prices had already risen by June considerably more than was assumed for the whole year in the Government's last *Economic Survey*, it observes that in the U.K. "the economy is showing every sign of suffering from severe strain. Cost inflation is rampant, and towards the end of the year may well be enhanced by demand inflation flowing from the heaviest rearmament programme in Europe." Furthermore—

> For one reason or another, exports are wavering: this, combined with the high cost of imports, has created a new balance of payments problem which will have to be countered by a renewed export drive or cuts in imports, thus adding to the inflationary pressure.

The *Bulletin* leaves no room for doubt that the balance of payments problem is serious. Apart from the fact that the supply position of raw materials is in many respects tight enough to slow down industrial activity, the impressive increase in German exports to Europe—already far outstripping British exports in the case both of chemicals and "metals and manufactures"—means that this country is now running a large payments deficit with the Continent which it is able to finance only so long as other members of the sterling area are prepared, in effect, to lend to Britain the proceeds of their own sales of primary produce. There is, of course, the hope, on which Government spokesmen seem greatly to rely, that our situation will soon be eased by a recession in world prices of foodstuffs and raw materials from their post-Korea peak. Certainly, for the moment, there has been a pause in the upward movement of wholesale price-curves; indeed, wool and some metals have cheapened appreciably. But even on this point the E.C.E. document gives little comfort. Its conclusion is that there is likely to be a resurgence of full-scale world inflation towards the end of the year unless international tension is substantially relaxed and the U.S. economy develops in a relatively non-inflationary fashion. In brief, the future of European prices will depend largely "on the pace and weight of rearmament."

We should like to think that the T.U.C. will draw from this analysis the conclusion that its influence should be put behind demands for a rational revision of a Defence programme whose "pace and weight" we believe to be incompatible with the assurances and promises contained in the Labour Party statement of policy. As it is, we fear that delegates at Blackpool will

be content to nibble at the sugar-coating round the pill and to accept the assurance that rearmament can be painless. They will, of course, be reminded from the platform that the Government and their General Council both hope that unions will exercise some restraint in this autumn's round of wage demands, already tabled for the bulk of British industry and services. They are much more likely to pay heed to the encouraging advice in *Our First Duty* to "resist any force, either internal or external, which seeks to rob us of what the British nation has achieved through generations of effort." If housing, schools, capital development and even the backward nations are to be unscathed, surely real wages should be all the more sacrosanct. So wage claims will be pressed: demand inflation following cost inflation will, as the E.C.E. warns, take place. Of course, the unions will be "moderate" in their demands on the national product. So, in his unassuming way, was Warren Hastings.

The Suspended Truce Talks

As fighting in Korea again flares up, the situation at Kaesong remains obscure as to both the facts of the disputed incident on the night of August 22 and the intentions of both sets of negotiators. It is almost certain that the original Communist charge of a deliberate U.S. attack on the truce headquarters was false. On the other hand, Admiral Joy's impetuous dismissal of the matter as a complete "frame-up" appears to have been singularly ill-judged, especially in view of the difficulty—specifically pointed out by the U.N. investigators—of making an adequate investigation at night. It now seems possible that an aircraft, whether Communist or otherwise, may have been somewhere in the vicinity on the night in question; and bomber-pilots, making for home and perhaps off course, have before now been known to clear their guns and jettison any remaining bombs without much regard for the feelings of those below them. This may, in fact, prove to be the explanation. It is also conceivable that the episode was a deliberate attempt by South Koreans to wreck the talks. Finally, it remains possible that Admiral Joy, in spite of his disregard of the need for evidence, had hit upon the truth and that the whole incident was staged by the North Koreans with the object—ill-judged from the Chinese standpoint—of suspending negotiations until the beginning of the San Francisco conference.

All these possibilities still remain open on the evidence so far available. In any case too much emphasis need not be placed on the action of the Communist High Command in breaking off the talks. After all, General Ridgway had done the same on two previous occasions. Indeed, the Communist Note of August 27, under cover of much abusive language, proposed a further joint examination of the site of the "bombing" and expressed hope that negotiations might soon be resumed. General Ridgway has countered by re-asserting the charge that the incident of August 22 was a "deliberate fraud." He rejects in terms the proposal that there should be further investigation. If both sides desire to see the end of the fighting—and in spite of the recently launched offensives we still believe they do—a half-open door seems to have been slammed far too hastily.

Iranian Interlude

After the climax of Mr. Stokes's departure from Teheran a rather unreal silence has descended on the Anglo-Iranian dispute. Dr. Moussadek lies in Teheran pondering the possibilities of his Pyrrhic victory; Mr. Harriman followed Mr. Stokes to London. Here he has given a press conference emphasising the progress achieved by the Stokes Mission and the narrowness of the gap which divides the two sides. The implication is that either of them might make the gesture which would enable it to be bridged. The British Government seems content to sit back and wait for an approach from Teheran, hoping, no doubt, that the Persian extremists, faced with a crisis which calls for something more than propaganda, will moderate their demands or lose their influence. This calculation may prove to be correct. There are already signs that moderate elements in the Majlis are expressing some popular discontent with the *impasse* into which intransigence has led their country; and, if Dr. Moussadek is left to stew in his own juice, the result may turn out to be a much blander dish than seemed likely a week ago. The Americans seem not to be so sure about this. Mr. Harriman is thought to take the view that Dr. Moussadek may be the least troublesome and the most stable of the potential Premiers available; and Dr. Grady, the U.S. Ambassador, is reported to be making a further attempt to stiffen him into a reasonable resistance of his extremist supporters. The situation is a very delicate one and the Cabinet have to weigh the risk from week to week of sitting tight, fortified by the interim decision of the Hague Court, and hoping for something good to turn up; or making a gesture to Teheran and perhaps losing the allegiance of the British personnel in Persia.

Defending Africa

While Mr. Gordon Walker makes quite certain that official opinion in South Africa is not to be outraged by British tolerance of Mrs. Seretse Khama in Bechuanaland, Lord Ogmore in Nairobi receives what may be reasonably described as the South African *quid pro quo*. It has long been the argument of the Commonwealth Relations Office that in dealing with South Africa the needs of the Cold War must be preferred above those of local right and justice. If the British Government insisted on sending back Seretse with his White wife, it was argued, then the Nationalists in the Union would be bitterly insulted: and Britain could not afford at this time to insult the South African Government. We now see where this leads. Mr. P. O. Sauer, the South African delegate to the "African Defence Facilities Conference" in Nairobi, has apparently proved most co-operative in helping to realise the ends of this conference—which were to define and clear the lines of communication through central and southern Africa in the event of war.

This conference has now dealt exhaustively, it seems, with questions of transport and supply between Cape Town and the Red Sea. Mr. Sauer, the racialist, has sat down to the same table with "Natives" from Ethiopia; so has the delegate from Southern Rhodesia. Both have cordially agreed, if press reports are faithful, with the British, Belgian, French, Italian, and Portuguese Governments. Mr. Sauer, in particular, has been very strong in his declarations about South Africa's willingness to participate in any war against Communism. In these, indeed, he and his Government are logical enough, for when it was a matter of the war against Fascism their friends and colleagues were busy blowing up troop trains and howling for Hitler's victory—because Hitler, as they never tired of saying, was "fighting Communism." So much is this a part of Nationalist thought that there seems no reason in the world why the British Government should need to court Malan. In terms of African defence, there seems every reason why they should not. For the defence of Africa—if that is what is now under discussion—will never be secured by the methods of racial terror and oppression which pass in the Union, and to a lesser degree in Southern Rhodesia, for "native policy." To defend Africa with the South African Nationalists (and their little brothers in Southern Rhodesia) is to defend Africa without the Africans—to defend it, indeed, against the Africans.

Dr. Burhop's Passport

The right to travel of scientists who have knowledge of official secrets is not entirely re-established by the Foreign Secretary's action in restoring most of Dr. Burhop's freedom of movement. Dr. Burhop has been asked to give, and has readily given, an assurance that he will not visit the Soviet Union or its satellites without "prior consultation" with the Foreign Office. In return for that assurance, a new passport has been issued. In a sense the Foreign Office gesture, generously accepted by Dr. Burhop as a "suitable amende," emphasises the original infringement of liberty. It cannot be denied that the State is entitled to protect itself against specific threats to national security; and in moments of crisis the withdrawal of passport facilities is only one of the restrictions which individuals may have to suffer. But this apparently permanent undertaking is of a different character. Is the limitation on the right to travel to apply only to Dr. Burhop? Or to the dozens of other scientists and engineers who have far more detailed and up-to-date knowledge of Government secrets? If the latter is true, the price of a successful career in science may gradually become the acceptance of a kind of second-class citizenship. If Dr. Burhop is singled out from his colleagues, we still regard such treatment as unjustified. For if he is not trusted by the authorities, his assurance is irrelevant and cannot be highly valued by those who demand it. If he is, it becomes unnecessary. The Foreign Office should make public a full explanation of its motives and intentions in this matter. As it stands, the impression may be created that a bureaucratic conviction is being recorded against a distinguished scientist, without publication of the charges or any evidence in support of them.

Time to Say No

INDIA'S decision not to be present at San Francisco next week may mean that Pakistan, Ceylon, Bao Dai's Indo-China and the Phillipines will prove to be the only Asian signatories of the Japanese Peace Treaty. Of the nations of Asia invited to sign, India and Burma have both refused to have anything to do with the present draft; while Indonesia and the Philippines will attend the signing, but have protested against the terms. Pakistan's accommodating attitude stems rather from her regrettable differences with India than from any real desire to see the present Treaty made effective; and the support of the Indo-Chinese States is of questionable value in view of their wartime alliance with Japan and their post-war subservience to France. The attitude of Indonesia is not yet clear; but even if in the end she signs, the outcome of San Francisco must be a Treaty, of momentous importance to the future of Asia, in which neither China, India, nor Burma have any part. If this is not a "White man's treaty," it may mean at least the virtual demolition of the British-built bridge between the non-Communist countries of Asia and the West.

To add to Anglo-American embarrassment, the Russians have now announced their acceptance of the invitation, addressed to them only as a matter of form, to be present at San Francisco. The State Department and the Foreign Office, obviously irritated by this unexpected and unwelcome intrusion, have announced that the purpose of the gathering is to sign the Treaty and not to discuss its content, which in the American view is a *fait accompli*. M. Gromyko has already indicated that he intends to make alternative proposals; and these may well suggest the discussion of a general Far Eastern settlement, including the end of the Korean war in return for the recognition of Peking, the limitation of Japanese rearmament and the withdrawal of American bomber bases in Japan. Either way the Soviet Union will gain prestige in Asia. For she will be voicing the fears openly expressed by the more independent Asian Powers, and tacitly shared, no doubt, by most of the others. It would indeed be difficult for the Americans to find a respectable way of rejecting a serious Soviet proposal to attempt a general settlement in Asia. American toughness has always been justified to her allies as an attempt to bring the Russians to negotiate. On that basis, therefore, a Soviet offer to negotiate could not be rejected out of hand.

But the American attitude is more probably based on what the State Department regards as the impossibility of reaching a settlement with China. If war with China is regarded as inevitable, the occupation of Formosa and the speedy rearming of Japan are logical. On any other grounds, they are illogical and provocative. It is because the State Department—following the common human trait of assuming the characteristics of a defeated opponent—has gradually absorbed the MacArthur doctrine of war with China that Mr. Acheson's more enlightened statements of some years back about Formosa and Washington's relations with Peking are now discarded. If the future holds a peaceful accommodation between the U.S. and China, Formosa is of no more importance to America than the Isle of Wight to a peaceful France. If the prospect is of war, then Formosa and the American bases in Japan become an aggressive springboard of the first importance. So America, by refusing any discussion of these matters at San Francisco, will be proclaiming to the world that her policy is now based on the acceptance of war with China. By following the American lead Britain is endorsing that view and making impossible the continuance of her supreme opportunity to act as "honest broker."

The detailed objections to the draft Treaty have already been discussed in this journal. Some of them have now been explicitly set out by India in her Note rejecting the invitation to San Francisco. All of them involve points of real difficulty; and it is futile to pretend that a peace treaty with Japan, designed—not improperly—to offer generous treatment to a beaten enemy, does not require all its signatories to make concessions and take risks. We should not oppose a "liberal" treaty if it represented a constructive effort to resolve the differences which are driving the Great Powers towards war in Asia. It is precisely because the present draft contributes nothing to such a settlement, but on the contrary, by excluding Communist China, gives permanent and, as it were, statutory form to the difficulties, that it represents a disastrous abandonment of any real effort to avoid war.

For the crux of the matter is, as the Indians clearly perceive, not the individual clauses of the Treaty—objectionable though some of them are—but the position of China. The course of events since the beginning of the Korean war has, to be sure, made it psychologically more difficult to get a hearing for the views about China which a few months ago were commonly accepted in this country and even in liberal circles in America. But it has not made those views invalid. Chinese participation in the U.N. and the Japanese Peace Treaty is not advocated as a reward for virtue or as a token of identity of view between Communist Peking and the corporation lawyers of the State Department; but because China is the greatest Power in Asia and no settlement of Asia is possible without Chinese good will. That statement of fact is as true and significant after the breakdown at Kaesong as at any time since 1945. Unless some way can be found of allowing or inducing Peking to accept a share of responsibility for a joint settlement of the power-stresses in the Far East, China will sooner or later exert her natural opportunities of leadership to extend her own influence in Asia as she sees fit and without reference to the West. In those circumstances the more militant group in the U.S. might be in a strong position to revive their demand for a preventive war.

It is against this background that the State Department is intent on forcing through, without reference to Peking, a treaty which China must inevitably regard as threatening to her security. Moreover, by brushing aside the timely Indian protest, Washington is making it possible that on a major issue Mr. Nehru and Mao Tse-tung, their joint influence pre-eminent among the people of Asia, will find themselves temporarily thrown together in the same camp against the West. The folly of this and the threat to British interests are obvious. It is not yet too late for Mr. Morrison to repudiate his hasty commitments to Mr. Dulles. The Powers assembled at San Francisco will face a tremendous test of statesmanship; and they cannot emerge from it without disaster if they ignore the concrete facts of China's position in Asia. The basis of a reasonable settlement might be to postpone the signing of the Treaty and to offer China admission to the U.N. and the opportunity to join in the negotiation of a new Japanese Treaty as soon as the Korean war is ended. Britain could propose this course; the Asian countries, including probably some of those who have reluctantly agreed to sign the present Treaty, would support her; and Washington could not afford to ignore such a powerful opposition. China, moreover, would be offered the chance, hitherto denied her, of proving her willingness to co-operate in the preservation of peace. She has every incentive to grasp such a chance; for peace is the first essential to the carrying through of her own social revolution.

If Mr. Morrison does not take this line it is likely enough that M. Gromyko will; and thus by a single act of weakness Britain can throw away the great prestige and authority which her progressive policy in Asia has won for her since the war. A Treaty signed in San Francisco by the "White nations" and their satellites, and opposed by the Soviet Union with most of the independent peoples of Asia, would not only decrease the remaining chance of avoiding war, but would increase the likelihood that, if war came, we should face it without Asian allies. The San Francisco talks will inevitably provide the occasion for great decisions. If Mr. Morrison has the courage to say "No" to Washington, he can, in company with India and our many friends in South East Asia, provide a last opportunity for those fateful decisions to be taken wisely.

How to Cheapen Houses

THE advertiser in *The Times* who, describing himself as "Anti-inflationist," sought to buy a property at no more than 100 per cent. of its 1938 value, was addressing himself to philanthropy rather than to the market. For the price of property to-day is what the seller can get; and what he can get is something between two-and-a-half to four times the prices of 1938. The cuts in the investment programme, together with the general price inflation, have produced what is, in effect, a national auction in pre-war houses. Genuine home-seekers are bidding not only against each other, but also against the speculators. And the sellers, exploiting the situation, are giving a sharp twist to the inflationary spiral.

The abuses that come from the uncontrolled sale of pre-war houses were expected by the Coalition Government. The Caretaker Government investigated the possibility of providing

safeguards against them. It was a substantial demerit of Labour's Minister of Health in 1945 that he failed to act on the recommendations of the Inter-Departmental Committee on the Selling Price of Houses set up in March of that year by a Tory Minister of Health. What Socialist would disagree with the words of the Report that "there are many who think it is not fitting that the sale prices of houses should in present circumstances be left to be fixed by the free play of the law of demand and supply;" or that "price control would have the result that purchasers would not be found only from amongst those who have the longest purses"?

But Mr. Bevan, although in sympathy with the purpose of the Report, would not carry out its recommendations. Control of the resale price of pre-war houses was allegedly impracticable because of a shortage of district valuers, because of the likelihood of under-the-counter deals, because of this and because of that. The Report was buried. It is out of print at the Stationery Office. But I have ventured to disinter it from a Ministerial Library. It is still as fresh, vigorous and valid as when it was first produced. It was, in fact, buried alive.

The Committee, which had Mr. J. W. Morris, K.C., as its Chairman, included among its members both Mr. H. W. Butcher, M.P., and the present Lord Silkin. It was expert and all-party; it took evidence from the public and from auctioneers, estate agents, builders and building societies. With complete technical impartiality, it set out to answer not whether price-control was the correct policy—though it could not help but give an implicit opinion—but whether "it was practicable to control effectively the selling price of houses with or without vacant possession, and to prevent undue financial advantage being taken of the present housing shortage." The Committee replied that price-control was practicable; and the formula for valuation which it proposed could be adjusted with the greatest simplicity, so that despite the manifold sales which have taken place in the last six years, a determined Minister could make price-control as effective today as it would have been in 1945.

The Committee proposed that "a maximum permitted sale price should be fixed in reference to each sale transaction, and that it should be an offence for a vendor to demand or to receive or for a purchaser to offer or to pay a price above such a maximum permitted sale price. The maximum price should be fixed at the instance of the vendor by the Valuation Office of the Board of Inland Revenue. . . . The maximum permitted sale price should be the value of the house with vacant possession (as certified by the District Valuer) as at 31st March, 1939, *plus a percentage to be prescribed*."

I have italicised the last words because once the datum line has been established, as in this case, the *plus percentage* can be related to any subsequent date, taking into account rises in the cost of building, which would produce a genuine appreciation in the value of the house. As the Committee points out in Paragraph 31, after detailing existing instruments at the disposal of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue which register the value of pre-war properties, "much reliable and important information is . . . available for the Valuation Office, which will assist them if they are required to make valuations." To limit, even if it were impossible to avoid, black-market transactions, the vendor would be required to make a comprehensive and statutory declaration of the price "paid or payable by the purchaser," and to state that no other payment or consideration had been or would be made.

The Committee shows special consideration for owners "who have already purchased at high prices." Many of these will have been forced by the pressure of their need to put their savings into buying a home, or alternatively to hang around their necks the millstone of a Building Society loan. Those who have already bought above the "maximum price" would have the option of reselling at the price which they themselves paid, although, of course, all future sales of the property would not be allowed to exceed the "maximum price."

The Report, then, of the Committee on the Selling Price of Houses is both practicable and fair. The valuers whose absence in the Forces might have hindered the Government in 1945 from adopting its recommendations, are now back at work; their numbers, if necessary, could quickly be reinforced. Every day—you need only look at your local or suburban paper for confirmation of this—thousands of houses are being offered for sale with vacant possession, but their prices are a taunt even to the "middle-income" home-seeker. Mr. Dalton, who has already shown a brassy initiative in dealing with part of the tied-cottage system, around which vested interest and the departmental mind had hitherto erected a tradition of intractability, now has the opportunity of ending another of the grosser abuses of free enterprise, but in this case one already condemned by men of every party. If he takes it, he will save from further exploitation a justly resentful, though normally inarticulate section of the community—those who go away in empty-handed silence, or pay up rather than make a scene.

MAURICE EDELMAN

London Diary

A REMARKABLE thing about the two special delegations now visiting parts of Africa from this country—the team of three observers sent by Mr. Gordon Walker to Bechuanaland and the parliamentary delegation of four M.P.s who are touring Central Africa—is that with one or two exceptions all their members seem to have been seized with the gift of tongues. Scarcely had they arrived, it would appear, than firm and final conclusions leapt to their keen and well-trained minds, and they rushed to the local press to declare them. So much so, indeed, that two of the Bechuanaland team, Mr. Bullock and Mr. Lipson, have actually been quarrelling in public—a reduction in their dignity which would have mattered more had their mission been less futile. The local population must have been both amazed and puzzled. In Southern and Northern Rhodesia, for example, the White settlers are wont to think of the British Labour Party, with its long anti-imperialist tradition, as an enemy. Now they learn that times have changed.

* * *

Of the two Conservative and two Labour M.P.s touring Rhodesia, it has been the "Socialists" who have spoken most, and most vehemently, on the advantages of closer association between these territories. "Mr. Amery, the Conservative Member for Preston," I read in the *Central African Post* of Lusaka, "was the most uncommunicative member of the party . . ." In Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, both Mr. Evans and Mr. Coldrick, the Labour Members of the delegation, went strongly on record in favour of "closer association." Both were almost lyrical about the happy life that is lived by Africans in Southern Rhodesia—where they are burdened, it is true, with none of the rights and liberties of democratic government. Mr. Evans delighted his audience in Salisbury with funny jokes about Fabians, being good enough to suggest that Fabians, for their greater enlightenment, should be provided with trips to Rhodesia in the new "Comet" air service. "Just as one swallow does not make a summer," he remarked in an immortal phrase, "so one Kingsley Martin does not make a winter." It would be especially regrettable if any audience in Africa, White or Black, should suppose that one Evans makes a Labour Party. It seems to emerge quite clearly from these declarations that Mr. Evans and Mr. Coldrick have turned their backs not only on the tradition of their party, but also upon the facts. Not to speak of turning their backs on the nature of their mission, which was to report to Parliament and not to prejudge the issue by statements en route. It seems a pity that the Labour Party could not have been represented by M.P.s—and there are several of high qualifications—who have played, and play, a part in deciding the party's colonial policy, and who have, therefore, a more than superficial knowledge of African affairs.

* * *

The more I hear about this affair of the Youth Festival in Berlin, the more horrified I am at the behaviour of the Western authorities. I have listened to a detailed account from a young man who is emphatically not a Communist. Here is Mr. Morrison, who has just complained in *Pravda* that the Russians prevent free travel between East and West, blandly explaining that Britain did not actually stop these young men and women going to Berlin, but the Americans were justified in doing so. Even more absurd in my mind is that a large group of these young people who tried to cross into the Western Zone from the Eastern Zone were violently prevented by the Berlin police. There is something fantastic about this. Should they not have been given a grand welcome in the West? The better the show, the better the propaganda. As it is, my young friend tells me, those who did get through to Western Berlin were astonished to find displayed in the bookshops mainly "comics," sex and gangster trash. In East Berlin, on the other hand, he was impressed by the seriousness of the Communist youth, by its intense interest in music and drama, by the magnificent pioneer camp fitted out with every possible opportunity of cultural and physical enjoyment. Everything

he wanted to believe about the West was denied, everything he wanted not to believe about the East was confirmed. Naturally they saw nothing of the other side; the tragic and frightening truth about the purges and the farce of political trials is not discovered by the visitor to Berlin. There was no doubt, my friend said, from conversations with the young men and women, that they were passionately sincere about peace. If they did not understand that we in the West also want peace, and that we have doubts about whether the Soviet Government is as peaceful as it pretends to be, they were scarcely helped to such a view by conversations with American soldiers whose line was that war was inevitable and the sooner it was over, the sooner they would get home!

* * *

In Berlin the only factors working for the West were dislike of drill among the English delegates, and some naiveté displayed by German Communists. My friend describes a conversation with a German Communist girl student who said: "We have all the leading Western papers in our reading-room here, including the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, and people are free to read them. In our school, through the Youth Organisation, we hold debates on current problems. We had one on Korea." He asked if none of them believed that the North Koreans attacked the South? She said that, if so, this view was not put forward in the debates. Nothing would have happened to someone putting it forward, but people would have been very angry and would not wish to mix with or talk to such a person in future.

* * *

It must be very hard for an honest British journalist who is converted to the Communist point of view. Take the case of Mr. John Peet, who transferred his talents from Reuters to the Communist-controlled *Weltbühne*. Recently he wrote contrasting the Berlin Festival with the Festival of Britain, which he regards as a welcome opportunity for British politicians and newspapers to divert public interest from current realities. I was particularly singled out for abuse. It was true, Mr. Peet said, that this journal "had to admit that British rearmament must lead to inflation" and that there will be a fuel crisis next winter and that Labour has not yet fundamentally changed the structure of society. But in praising the Festival I was advocating a policy of eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die. I encouraged people to dance on a volcano. How far, I wonder, does Mr. Peet push this view? Every evening crowds of people, mainly working class, meet in the Embankment Gardens and enjoy an hour's community singing. They listen to favourite tunes played by the band in that blaze of fairy lights which has spread from the North to the South Bank. Ought a British Socialist to rail at this bit of enjoyment on the ground that in a still mainly capitalist country all fun is arranged by capitalists and therefore wicked? Ought we to disparage the Skylon and the Dome of Discovery in contrast with the marble Underground stations of Moscow, which somehow do not divert the minds of workers from domestic difficulties and the danger of war? If hundreds of children again pay a penny each, as they did last year, to listen to concerts in Coram's Fields (the old Foundling site), am I supposed to suggest that they are dancing on a volcano, while a dance in the Soviet Zone is a splendid example of mass organisation? I suppose if Mr. Peet were in England he would now make a frontal attack on that deadliest brand of opium for the people—the winter football season. Mr. Peet may have forgotten what English people are like; in any case I suppose he cannot explain to his employers that in Britain people can be very well aware of the dangers of inflation and very conscious of living on a volcano, yet still want their politics diluted with music, beauty, fun and football.

* * *

A friend sends me the following extract from the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, quoting from the essay of a Japanese schoolboy:—

> The banana are a great and remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as the honourable saussages. Difference being, skin of saussage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat rapping of banana. Bananas are strictly member of vegitable kingdom. Affiliation of saussage is often undecided.

If this is genuinely Japanese, the West knows where to turn for a laugh now that the Babu is no longer with us.

* * *

No wonder Mr. Churchill's bald head looked cross as it stuck out of the water, side by side with that of his wife, in the Lido in Venice. Is a man to have no private life? Is nothing sacred from the newspaper photographer? So said I to myself. And then I recalled a story of how on one occasion H. G. Wells scored off Bernard Shaw. G.B.S. arrived at lunch loudly complaining that he could not take a walk in the park without people staring at him, pointing at him, asking for his autograph, photographing him. "Well," said H.G., "if you don't like publicity, Shaw, why don't you cut off your beard?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A Royal Air Force Officer who was alleged to have driven a car off the road into a wood and then to have told a police-sergeant to "get this —— tree out of the way, then I can press on," was, at Bromley Magistrates' Court yesterday, found not guilty of driving the car when under the influence of drink.—*Manchester Guardian.* (F. R. Smith.)

I have now come to standing on my head. I can think much more clearly that way up, and I often wish I could play the piano standing on my head. — Article in *Daily Herald.* (Stanley Harknett.)

A suggestion has been made to Harlow Corporation that new public-houses should be named after butterflies and moths.—*Evening Standard.* (E. Gilding.)

General Sir R. Gale, Director of Military Training, believes the accurate, simple, robust, self-loading, .280 rifle is "a weapon which will give us the ability to kill economically: that is a very fine thing if we can do it."—*Manchester Guardian.* (P. G. H. Hadfield.)

West Hoathly (Sussex) women Conservatives are running a produce stall at a fete to pay for prizes at children's sports organised by the Labour Party.—*News Chronicle.* (F. G. Montague.)

MUREX FOR BLUE PRINTS

Sit down, old poet; let me think—
  Reason is ravelled in your riddles.
(Cigars are on your right. A drink?)
  We know who fished, but—say—*who fiddles*
Your murex? (Plain or pink?)

You paint the present from the past,
  With Hobbs an algebraic symbol—
No coefficients? Here's the cast:
  Fishing? It's more like hunt-the-thimble.
It's peace we want—at last.

Wild Quaker oats in Moscow sown—
  What porridge? Is the question sordid?
And Stokes (your target) you must own
  Claret nor turtle has rewarded
Gold-robed upon a throne.

"Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats"—
  It's Nokes we're needing, Mr. Browning!
Blue prints abound in London streets—
  Fleet, Bouverie and even Downing—
But all snuffed out—like Keats.

The world may end to-night, you said,
  The petty done, the undone vast;
Is man yet man? Or does the dead
  (That crude primeval protoplast)
Live still—and live in dread?

In Vishnu-land an Avatar
  Like you believed, proved, taught to hope?
Tell me, true prophet that you are,
  (Now that the Arch Fear offers scope)
Earth falters—*stands your star?*

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Crisis in the Protectorates

II. . . . BUT NO DEVELOPMENT

WHILE in Basutoland I spent an evening with some "intellectuals." The quotation marks are there not because these people were in any way ill-educated—one or two of them were highly educated—but because they represent a class of Africans which is set apart from its fellows, and which occupies a rather special place in southern Africa. "Intellectuals" are officially disliked: they get ideas above their station; they take the White man's democracy to mean what it says—rather in the manner of the early Christians with the Bible—and they are notably dissatisfied with their lot. Sometimes, even, they grow into that bugbear of the White South African—the "agitator"—and begin to think and speak of African self-government as if it were something right and natural, instead of aping their White masters, who think of it as a plot upon White lives and property devised in about equal proportions by the Kremlin and the Fabian Society.

These Basuto intellectuals were unanimous about two things, though they differed a good deal among themselves on other points. The first was their aversion from any kind of association with the Union of South Africa and their preference for British protection; the second was their very sharp criticism of the British failure to give a widening scope to the Basuto for self-government. "We want to run our own affairs," they said: "but we shall never learn to do that unless we are given the chance of experience." It is easy, of course, for officials to sneer at such demands as the product of frustrated careerism; but the sneer, nowadays, is not enough. For the pace of social and economic development in these territories is appallingly

slow: it is so slow, indeed, that one is hard put to detect any movement at all.

This is the point which the Nationalists and the United Party of South Africa—equally committed to "enclosure" of the three High Commission territories—have not failed to exploit. They say—and in some important respects they are certainly right—that South Africa has done much more for the Africans than the Imperial Government in its Protectorates. In respect of education they are manifestly right: the Union maintains institutions such as Fort Hare, where Africans can graduate on university standards. In the Union there are about 30 African doctors; in British territories as large and populous as Southern and Northern Rhodesia, not a single African doctor is now in practice. In Bechuanaland there are no facilities whatsoever for secondary or vocational training (apart from one school established by Tshekhedi Khama), and bursaries are provided for would-be students to go to the Union. The society of Basutoland—in the moderate words of Mr. G. I. Jones, who lately examined on behalf of the Commonwealth Relations Office the causes of *diretlo* (ritual) murder in that country—is "both anachronistic and insecure," and given increasingly to belief in "medicines" such as medicine murder and other magic.

What is true of the educational advantages of the Union is also true in a much wider sense of the African's chances of entering the modern world. It is not only the need for ready cash which drives countless Africans from neighbouring territories into the racial terror of the Union: it is also the desire to throw off the primitive stagnation of tribal life and to know instead the thrill and opportunity of city lights. I asked a Basuto taxi-driver in Maseru whether he would rather stay where he was, unmolested, not required to carry passes, having domestic comforts which were reasonably good; or whether he would rather go to Johannesburg. He was emphatic about wanting to go to Johannesburg: he felt "more of a man" there. Only the pass regulations of the Union hindered him from going.

Unpleasant though life may be for the African in South Africa, the system of racial attrition has achieved at least one beneficial result—it has gone far towards destroying the tribal system, and, to that extent, towards liberating the Africans from the ties of superstition and from loyalties that are meaningless in terms of the modern world. Successive South African Governments have talked largely about maintaining the tribal system in all its splendid purity; their policies have defeated this object. With one or two tribal exceptions—possibly the Venda and eastern Pondo—the majority of Africans in South Africa are inwardly "detribalised" to-day. Thus stripped of one pattern of loyalties and behaviour, the Africans are moving into the towns to acquire another. If this other seems disturbed and inferior, then the fault is all with White men who impose urban conditions where the worst influences have the upper hand. In one form or another, industrialisation is the Africans' only hope of survival.

In the High Commission territories, by contrast, all is still and stagnant as a pool of standing water. Such development schemes as are now in operation seem to proceed in a human vacuum. In Swaziland, for example, the Government has stimulated some excellent afforestation; yet Swaziland has the strongest "tribal system" of all the Protectorates. The King of the Swazi people, Sobhuza II, is said to be a man of energy and imagination: he is also one of the greatest sticklers for pagan etiquette to have survived, and his people live under social conditions that have changed in no essential way for as long as anyone can remember. In Bechuanaland the Government has lately embarked upon a large-scale ranching scheme: typically enough, it has done so without any sustained effort to acquire the advice and co-operation of the Bechuana tribes. The overriding result of British Administration is still the maintenance of "indirect rule" through tribal authorities whose ability to solve the problems of their own peoples has almost completely passed away, and who degenerate more and more into paid officials neither knowing nor caring for the common good.

It is unfair to say that there is no development at all. There is a little, a very little. Producers' co-operatives, for example, are being encouraged. In Basutoland the Administration has bestirred itself on behalf of better tribal representation. But how reluctantly! As if it had come upon something new and wonderful, the Administration lately introduced secret voting for one of the nine Native District Councils—and found, to its amazement, that the people chose away from the wishes of their chiefs. Gradually, and with an extreme caution, this dangerous principle of secret voting is to be extended to the other District Councils. The District Councils meet usually once a year and elect a National Council which also meets once a year; but the National Council has a majority of members nominated by the Paramount Chief, and is in any case advisory. Can you wonder that the educated minority in Basutoland, who suspect what representative government may really mean and what steps are necessary in order to achieve it, dismiss this National Council as a fraud? *Mochochonono*, the Basuto newspaper of Maseru, was calling it while I was there "an aimless body of loud speakers" and "a sorry pack of pseudo-politicians."

In Swaziland there can be no move towards social and political development because King Sobhuza is an autocrat, and the British rule through King Sobhuza. In Bechuanaland there might be certain steps taken towards African self-government; but they are not being taken. How should they be? The High Commissioner may be as energetic and intelligent as was Sir Evelyn Baring: his job, however, is merely to administer the territories pending their transfer to the Union of South Africa. And the Union of South Africa will most vigorously object to any social or political development, in these territories, which could prejudice the eventual right of the Union to tread on the necks of these Africans as thoroughly as it now treads on those of "its own Africans." So long, that is, as the British policy of protection is limited to conservation without development—which will be at least as long as it is taken for granted that these territories will go back to the Union—there is no hope of real improvement.

To justify this policy of "arrested stagnation," British officials are inclined to say that "the African is not yet ready for changes in his favour." It seems that he would not know "how to use them." Such arguments do little more than bear witness to the spread of racialist ideas among British officials. For there is already enough experience in British Africa to show that they are worthless. One example must suffice. African trade unions promoted officially in Northern Rhodesia only two years ago have had spectacular and generally admitted success: and yet they are being run, with the good advice of one lone official, by Northern Rhodesian Africans who have never been out of Central Africa, who have had no prior experience or knowledge of trade unions, and whose efforts are hateful to a great majority of the White population. It is an example which challenges the whole concept of "conservation without development" upon which, for far too long, our Administration in the High Commission territories has founded its policy. The time is ripe for bold and vigorous change towards self-government and self-development.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Living Immortality

SUPPOSE a young man was to present himself to-day and claim to be the son of William Shakespeare and Mrs. Siddons? The psychiatrists would have the support of the historians as well as the gynaecologists in certifying him as a triple anachronism. That will not necessarily be true in the future. The technique of quick-freezing germ-cells and keeping them indefinitely, announced by Dr. A. S. Parkes, of the National Institute for Medical Research, at the British Association, can mean (as he said) a complete change in the significance of time. At present it applies to the male sperm, but it might also be adapted to the female ovum. A man alive in 1951 and a woman alive in 2,051 might be "mated" in 2,251 to produce a child by a pre-natal foster-mother. The wise child, as someone remarked to me at the B.A. will know his father from the history-books.

There does not appear to be any doubt about the effectiveness of the method. We were shown motion-pictures taken through the microscope. In normal media used in cell work, the formation of ice-crystals can spear or crush the germ-cells. When, however, the sperm is placed in glycerol (a constituent of anti-freeze which motorists use in their radiators) that does not happen. The temperature is dropped to minus 70 degrees centigrade. We saw sperms swarming and darting in lively fertility in their original state. Then, under freezing, their movement slowed down and congealed in aspic-like mass; then the glycerine crystals formed, not stabbing or crushing but cushioning the sperms in the interstices of the crystals. Then we saw the thawing and the final liberation of the sperms in swirling life-dance. As a check, the same technique was demonstrated with red blood-corpuscles replacing the germ cells.

Dr. Parkes pointed out that glycerol is a "benign medium." In freezing, about ten per cent of the blood cells fail to survive, and he reckoned that the same is true of the germ-cells; but, he stressed, it is the weaker brethren, the defective cells, which die, so that the survivors are the hardiest and healthiest. The blood-cells retain all their qualities and can be used in blood transfusions and, similarly, the spermatozoa keep their vigour and, by artificial insemination, will fertilise the ovum—after an indefinite interval.

The method applies to fowl, animal or human sperm. Indeed, human sperm responds best of all. Dr. Parkes was talking to the physiologists and agriculturists at the B.A. and the farmers and breeders "jumped" immediately to its practical significance; it means that a prize-bull or a thoroughbred stallion can "bank" its semen and produce progeny long after it is dead. A Derby winner could remain at stud for centuries. When its meaning for humans is grasped, there will be a tremendous outcry ("This kind of research," said Dr. Parkes in a classical understatement, "has its embarrassments as well as its benefits") The "faith and morals" issues raised by artificial birth-control and by artificial insemination are nothing compared with those created by Man's power to determine "living immortality." Moral philosophers, apart from the dogmatists, will find it a disturbing problem. Who is going to be responsible for this kind of conscious-selection and predetermined evolution?

Consider, too, that we should be skipping the natural selection processes of successive generations. It was once pointed out that, by artificial insemination, Lenin could have fathered children by all the women in the U.S.S.R. By the new method of preservation he could still be doing so. In the reproductive term of men and women, a couple could produce enough germ cells to last for generations and could "mate" in each generation. It would be a case of breeding from prototypes, since what I have called the "pre-natal foster mother" in whom the cells are implanted and married would have no effect on the heredity and no more influence on the child, in a healthy pregnancy, than a wet-nurse has in suckling somebody else's child.

Think of the effect on our ideas of property. What would the lawyers make of a case where a man and woman, legally married, put their legitimate germ-cells into cold-storage and begat progeny long after they were dead? What about the Third Earl being born after the Seventh Earl? James II's warming pan was a mild complication compared with the vacuum flask. We can imagine the repository of the Immortals—a National Biological Gallery, like the National Portrait Gallery (complete with a Poet's Corner) where, at minus 70 degrees centigrade, the living germ-cells of famous men and women could be retained indefinitely and revived and mated at the behest of a selection committee.

I have always thought Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" a terrifying and obnoxious place, but here we have the elements of it—Humanity preserved in anti-freeze, like pickled eggs in Isinglas.

Already, by electrical stimulation of the pituitary, ovulation can be induced out of the normal cycle. Biologists can take a fertilised ovum of a pedigree rabbit, of a breed too delicate for travail, and transfer it to a hardy scrub rabbit as the "prenatal foster-mother." By gland-injections, the uterus can be prepared to "adopt" an alien ovum.

There are other "quick-freeze" possibilities. Last winter we had "The Case of the Frozen Woman." A young Negress, after a party in Chicago, went out into the hardest, sharpest frost of the year in a dance frock, nylon stockings and thin shoes. She was found rigid and by all medical experience should have been dead. Her pulse was practically non-existent. Her metabolic processes had slowed down almost to nil. Yet she revived.

The case was a physiological sensation because it suggested that even complex organisms could be preserved by quick-freeze—embalmed life. Theoretically, if all the living processes—blood-cells, living-tissues chemical action—could be suspended at once; if the body temperature could be dropped from blood heat to Absolute Zero (minus 274 degs. C.) at which even molecular movement stops; and if the thawing could be equally rapid, then a man could be quick-frozen in the middle of a conversation and in a hundred years' time revive to finish his sentence—"As I was saying, when I was interrupted. . . ." It would depend on the quickness of the freeze because the various tissues of the body degenerate at different rates. When the heart stops pumping oxygenated blood, for example, highly-developed cells of the brain—thought, memory, imagination—go first and the older, more primitive cells which control movement, etc., follow. Cases have been known of people who have "died" under operation and who have been revived after about five minutes—losing the "sapiens" and retaining only the animal reflexes.

The thawing process is just as important. It could not be done merely by external heating—like cooking a chop under a grill—because the heat would not penetrate fast enough. It might, however, be done by "inside-out cooking," i.e. diathermy, by which cold high-frequency radio-waves generate heat in the tissues themselves. Again it would be a complex process because the various tissues respond to different frequencies—fat has a different response from muscle-tissue, for example—but, no doubt, the tuning difficulties could be overcome. The legend of Rip Van Winkle may become a reality.

RITCHIE CALDER

The Great Schism

THE Western Powers seem inclined to think of Yugoslavia's defection from the Soviet bloc mainly in military terms, and it is of course true that it was a blow to Russia's military strength. But from the Soviet point of view the ideological blow was much more serious. For the first time for thirty years an important Communist Party, for a long time second in prestige only to that of the U.S.S.R., has begun to do its own thinking and has been subjecting Soviet ideology and practice to a root and branch Marxist-Leninist critique. What makes this critique so formidable is that it comes from life-long Communists, thoroughly trained in the theory and practice of Marxist-Leninism, with famous revolutionary records and long and intimate experience of the Soviet Union itself. The points of criticism I am dealing with here are taken from articles in the monthly review *Komunist;* from the Party organ *Borba;* from pamphlets by Djilas, Najdan Pasich and Bulajich; and from speeches by Marshal Tito and other Yugoslav leaders.

The Yugoslav Communist critics of Soviet theory and practice emphasise that Marx, Engels and Lenin insisted on the "withering away" of the State as the measure of the advance toward Socialism, and solemnly warned against the danger of bureaucracy: the first step was to smash the capitalist State and to put in its place a Socialist State establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat. The first act of the Socialist State was to take over all the means of production, distribution and transport. This done, the Socialist State would at once begin to "wither away" by the progressive handing over of its economic functions to free associations of primary producers. This was the line of advance to a democratic classless Socialist society, evolving into Communism.

The Soviet Union, its Yugoslav critics maintain, stuck at the first stage—that is, taking over industry, trade, banking and transport. Instead of public enterprises being increasingly run by the workers and employees engaged in them, half-hearted early experiments in this direction were abandoned and the conduct of economic life was vested in the hands of State-appointed officials. This system rapidly degenerated into State capitalism, that is, into an omnipotent bureaucracy, which preserved and increased its power and privileges by elevating the State above the people and turning it into a fetish, with Stalin as its Grand Panjandrum and idol.

At the eighteenth Congress of the C.P.S.U. in 1939, and again in July, 1950, Stalin attempted to justify this reversal of Marxist-Leninist teaching: the Soviet State had completed its first phase, the liquidation of the exploiting classes, and entered into the second phase, which extended from this liquidation until the complete victory of the Socialist economic system and the adoption of the new Constitution in 1936. In the second phase, the function of internal coercion had died out because there were no more exploiters to be suppressed, only robbers of public property to be chastised. There was also external hostility to thwart.

> The function of defending our country from external attack remains unchanged; and therefore the Red Army, the Navy and the punitive organs and Intelligence services necessary to seize and punish spies, murderers and saboteurs infiltrated from abroad into our country have to be preserved and strengthened.

The State had also developed the function of acting as an economic—organisational and cultural—educational organ.

> This is, indeed, its chief function, whereas the armed punitive organisation and Intelligence services now have their point turned outward and not toward the interior of the country, in order to deal with foreign enemies.

Marshal Tito's reply to this happy picture of Soviet development has been to contrast it with some of the realities of Russia to-day.

> For what is the great bureaucratic, centralised machine doing? Are its functions directed outwards? What are the N.K.V.D. and the militia up to? Are their functions purely external? Who and through what bodies is deporting millions of citizens of different nationalities to Siberia and the far north? Surely none will contend that these are class enemies, that whole nations are classes for liquidation? What makes impossible the clash of ideas in the Soviet Union? Is not all this being done by the most highly centralised bureaucratic State system, which in no way resembles a State that is withering away?

The Yugoslavs quote Soviet data which suggest that sabotage of socialised property had become a mass movement, because no attempt had been made to make the people directly responsible for the management of their "socialised property." Administration and organisation have remained the monopoly of the State bureaucracy, who have to resort to wholesale coercion and intimidation because they have failed to enlist the interest, loyalty and sense of collective ownership of the masses. Bodies that represent the workers, trade unions, workshop committees, and so forth, are excluded by law from any share in maintaining discipline in factories.

On the contrary, State-appointed directors and factory administrations may punish a day's absence from work with dismissal and even with turning the worker from his home. A man who is twenty minutes late may be brought before a court on a criminal charge. These harsh punishments and wide powers in the hands of State officials and the fact that a worker cannot change his job without official permission reduce the working class to the status almost of slaves.

> As for the cultural educational function, this is only a pretty name for the monopoly of the life of the mind that the bureaucracy has ruthlessly imposed on society, using for this purpose the coercive power of the State. The incalculably harmful consequences of this monopoly deserve a separate study. We are content to note the fact that here, too, we have a case of State compulsion and coercion over the internal life of Soviet society, over the scientific and artistic freedom of Soviet artists and intellectual workers!

The Yugoslavs declare that in the U.S.S.R., contrary to Marxist doctrine, "the bureaucracy have strengthened their social positions and become the ruling caste. The fetishisation of the State is the adequate expression of the social interests of the professional administrative class which is striving to justify, strengthen and perpetuate its rule."

They point to the plague of uniforms in the best Tzarist tradition, managers, engineers, technicians of all kinds, civil servants, magistrates—all have uniforms, with signs of rank. "Soviet practice is showing us the face of the coming Communist society as understood in the U.S.S.R.—a society of officials in uniform and of plebs in mufti or different uniforms."

The Soviet press and propaganda are educating

the masses to observe an attitude of superstitious awe towards their "wise and unfathomable leadership" and to believe that all organs of the State are infallible and always do what is best and wisest. The head of this bureaucracy must be endowed with super-natural qualities. Stalin is credited with direct and personal responsibility for everything that has been done or thought in the Soviet Union—and with infallibility.

Detailed and blistering analyses of Soviet policy in trampling on the rights of non-Russian nationalities show how far it has moved from the principles laid down by Lenin (and by Stalin) and how closely it approximates to pre-revolutionary practice, when the Russians bossed "inferior" nationalities. The Yugoslavs even point to similarities between Soviet treatment of satellite States and old-fashioned capitalistic exploitation of backward nations.

Finally, the Soviet leaders are accused of having thrown overboard the teachings of Marx, Engels and Lenin on Communist ethics: Marx wrote into the preamble of the Constitution of the First International that "all Parties and individuals who enter it acknowledge truth, justice and morality as the rule in their conduct toward each other." Marx and Engels condemned Bakunin's "revolutionary catechism" for teaching that the end justified the means. Bakunin, they said, was the "Jesuit of the revolution" and his moral theory "the apotheosis of bourgeois amorality." He held that the cause of the revolution justified any means to achieve its victory; that a revolutionary should do all in his power to aggravate and spread the misfortunes and evils that excited the passions of the people and would cause them to rise; that he was entitled to use the shadiest kind of people and, if necessary, to obtain a hold over them through knowing their disreputable secrets, so as to blackmail them into doing his bidding. He should practise deception and make himself out something quite different to what he really was, etc.

Soviet Communist morality to-day, it is said, resembles that of Bakunin as described and condemned by Marx and Engels. At bottom it is inspired by profound contempt for the people. It has nothing in common with Lenin's passionate and often expressed belief that "Above all and before everything, the people must know the truth. We must tell the people the whole truth." A true Communist has respect for the people, believes they can be trusted with the truth and will rise to responsibility, knows he must learn from those he aspires to lead. There is nothing left of this morality in the Soviet leadership. As for the rank and file of the C.P.S.U. they have not been called together in a Party Conference for twelve years. These are the main lines of the Yugoslav Communist critique of Soviet Communist theory and practice.

K. ZILLIACUS

CAVE-DWELLERS

Who dwell in depression cave animals are—
Colourless, blind salamanders, grasshoppers
With dim feelers adapted to the dark
Of subterranean, damp, unending night.

If there is light, they will move away from it,
Wilfully they will not see,
But scuttle like transparent, porcelain woodlice
Into the wetness that they love the most.

They will sit still in their blindness,
Feeders on bats' droppings or the bodies
Of dead animals carried in by streams,
Never moving, eating little, caring less.

GAVIN EWART

Reels, Rods and Redditch

MAYBE a pilgrimage to Redditch is a mistake—at least for a fisherman to whom present circumstance refuses the chance to linger in his rightful garden. (Dante had something to say about the particular emotion involved.) For here—with important outposts at Alnwick (Hardy Brothers) and Croydon (Farlow's), not to mention many scattered pickets from Aberdeen to Bridport—is the 200-year-old headquarters of the industry which serves the needs of Britain's two million regular anglers, and whets their appetites with alluring catalogues of tackle.

Redditch, of course, cannot claim to be the originator of ways of tempting fish to that fatal "take" which leads to the ultimate frying-pan. The "angle"—bone, thorn and bronze—is as old as prehistoric man; and, coming to days when angling had begun to be a British sport, the *Treatyse of Fysshynge*, published in 1497, recommended that, if you wanted to fish "fine," you should, "make your hokes of the smallest quarell nedlys of stele." By the middle of the Sixteenth Century the commercial manufacture of fishing hooks was well established in London; and in the Eighteenth Century the hooks made by Charles Kirby of Harp Alley had a wide repute, challenged only by the products (still honoured by name) of Limerick and Kendal, and those of Denton and Perkin of Yorkshire. Even reels are of a respectable antiquity. Thomas Barker, author of the 1651 *Art of Angling*, speaks of a fisherman's "barrell to gather up his line"; and, though it seems doubtful whether he himself used a reel, Izaak Walton refers in the second edition of *The Compleat Angler* to a "wheele" employed in salmon fishing. Well before the middle of the Eighteenth Century, the aforesaid Mr. Kirby was advertising "the best sort of winches"; and in 1770 a London tackle-maker with the resounding name of Onesimus Ustonson was actually offering "brass multiplying reels"—though these were apparently not designed, like their modern successors, for spinning.

As for rods, no doubt the dinosaurus anticipated the present-day bull with intrusions on the peace of primitive anglers, sapling in hand; and there is even some doubt how far the split-cane rod we know is really "modern." In his entertaining and instructive *Angling Diversions*, to which I am indebted for much fragmentary lore about a craft whose history is poorly documented, Mr. Courtney Williams quotes a reference in a 950 B.C. Chinese book by Tchouang-tseu to the "building" of split-cane rods, glued and bound. Whether such rods were solidly constructed of sections of cane, or were merely spliced on the same principle as Eighteenth Century greenhearts, is, of course, disputable; but there seems no reason to doubt the employment in China, as long ago as the 4th Century, B.C., of lines of cocoon silk—a material whose use, mixed with horsehair, did not become common in England until late in the Eighteenth Century.

The date at which Redditch became a centre for the manufacture of general fishing tackle, is uncertain. There seems to be little doubt that the industry developed as a by-product of the craft of the needle-makers who gravitated to the valley of the Arrow in the Seventeenth Century. There is a record that, in 1775, one Charles Tolley of Sambourne, a small village near Redditch, made hooks for sale and offered to teach the craft to apprentices; in 1789, John Andrews of Tardebigge, nearby, patented a process for making and tempering "blued" hooks of steel wire. Certainly Milward's, oldest of the present Redditch firms, began, on its establishment in 1730, as needlemakers: fishing hooks followed and the business spread gradually to rods and other sorts of tackle. Competitors set up in Redditch, notably the famous firm founded in 1803 by Polycarp Allcock; and to-day Redditch holds nearly a score of enterprises, large and small, catering for the angler. Some are specialists, like E. Sealey and Sons, who concentrate on hooks, or J. W. Young and Sons, whose ultra-modern works turn out all manner of reels—a beautiful job of precision engineering, in which fixed-spool reels are even run in, like Rolls-Royce engines, on the bench. Others are "all-purpose" tackle-makers.

In the century and a half since Redditch acquired its predominance in the output of anglers' necessities, technical progress has been remarkable, though the principles of the craft may be said to have continued older traditions. The main landmarks have been, first, the coming of the built split-cane rod. Credit for its invention is the subject of disputable claims. An anonymous book published in 1801, and quoted by Mr. Courtney Williams, describes the making of rods from "sections of cane" glued together and then tapered. This process, which probably applied only to top pieces, must have seriously weakened the cane, unless the bark (in which the strength lies) was glued inside; indeed, it is not clear whether either these rods, or those advertised by Ustonson from 1830 onwards, were really built into the solid from wedge-shaped sections. A better authenticated record is that four-section rods began to be constructed about 1845 by Samuel Philippe of Pennsylvania. The invention, in 1882, of the current system of building rods in hexagonal form is claimed by Hardy Brothers; but Allcock's of Redditch have records of such rods being made in their works in the late '70s, and there is substantial evidence that hexagonal rods were introduced by Leonard's to the American market ten years earlier.

In contemporary practice the building of a rod is no longer a "handicraft" in the sense that every operation is performed manually. The Tonkin cane, grown in a small area near Canton, and hardened by baking, is split by machine-saw, and the strips are tapered by a semi-automatic "miller"—the angle of tapering governed by the shape of the moulded wooden bed on which the strips lie. Then comes the "marriage" of the tapered strips, carefully selected so that knots in the cane do not coincide—a marriage cemented, according to maker's preference, either by fish-glue or (for quicker and, it is claimed, firmer setting) by a plastic fixative. The cement, glue or plastic, must be scraped off the outer surface when dry—delicately, so as not to damage the essential bark. Then come the bindings for the rings, the meticulous finishing and fitting of ferrules, male and female, the shaping and attachment of the butt of cork rings, through whose entirety the cane must run, and finally the careful hand-varnishing.

The result is a work of art, in whose production the tackle-makers can fairly claim that they have improved, not impaired craftsmanship by putting into the craftsman's hands the best modern machine tools. There are, of course, grades of rod, depending for their quality on the care and skill with which the cane is picked and the building done; but, though some rods are better and dearer than others—the average increase of price since the war, excluding purchase tax, is about 100-150 per cent.—there are few really bad split-cane rods built, whatever the clumsy fisher may say. To-day, split-cane has

new challengers—rods made by a skilful Birmingham firm, Accles and Pollock, of tapered seamless steel tubing, and those constructed of fibre-glass, a product with which a number of British manufacturers are experimenting in the light of its apparent popularity in the United States. As a personal observation, I would say that while both these substitutes are admirable for spinning rods, I still back split-cane for a fly rod. No one yet knows how far fibre-glass is subject to "fatigue," and neither this material nor steel seems to me to produce quite that lovely "action" which flows smoothly to the wrist. Moreover, though any one model of split-cane rod is standardised in the sense that its balance and action are theoretically predetermined by the designer, after pilot experiments, before it goes into production, the consistency of cane is variable, so that every single rod has individual characteristics. Many anglers, I think, will still prefer the fun of selection to the acceptance across the counter of a rod whose composition makes it indistinguishable from its fellows—though it is only fair to add that some people find complete satisfaction in fishing with a whip aerial purloined from a tank!

Next, reels. To the progress which has led to the precision engineering-work of Young's and other makers, many inventors have made their contribution. In the 1860s some craftsman whose name is now lost began to develop the ratchet check action for fly reels. Then came, in 1884, the Mallock casting reel, followed ten years later by Allcock's "Aerial" and Hardy's "Silex"; and, at the end of another decade, Mr. Illingworth, a textile manufacturer of Bradford, invented the fixed-spool reel which has revolutionised thread-line fishing. Metals and plastics, light to balance light modern rods, now predominate; but I saw in Milward's fine walnut reels, which spin for 60 seconds on their bearings, designed for rock-fishing in South Africa. As for lines, tapering is an old device: the Eighteenth Century horsehair lines were fined down from 35 to 3 hairs. Progress has taken the form of the employment of new material—silk, nylon and, recently, "Terylene" yarn, braided by a sort of mechanical maypole with bobbins that spin individually and rotate collectively in an ear-splitting chatter. Tapering is achieved by adding extra yarn at scientifically calculated intervals. The braided line, if for fly, is dressed with linseed oil, dried between coats, then brushed and rubbed to a polish.

Lastly comes "what the fish sees." Though there are occasional references in the Eighteenth Century to silk-worm gut, it seems that up to 1870, or thereabouts, casts were normally of horse-hair. Supreme for nearly seventy years, gut was challenged in 1938 by nylon—much cheaper and for some purposes supremely excellent. As a medium, however, for knots, nylon has evoked among fishermen different reactions; and one detects to-day a tendency among makers to favour gut. Into the hooks which the cast carries goes a combination of delicate machine-tools, neat hands and extreme patience. Drawn carbon-steel wire is cut to length and pointed; the barb is shaped by a mechanical chisel; next the hook is bent, with or without an off-set, and "bowed," the resulting eyes being turned by yet another tool either up or down; and finally the hooks are hardened, scoured and blued. Dressings, for salmon or trout, follow patterns much too numerous to rehearse here. Most are "vintages": the "Jock Scott" was devised as long ago as 1845; Butcher and Soldier Palmer are, I fancy, much older; and, as for the famous Glory, the prescription for the best dressing—"the inside of a blackbird's wing, coch a bondu for hackle, tied with yellow silk"—in Canon Greenwell's own handwriting, is still preserved in Allcock's works. To those who imagine that only the Twentieth Century knows how to fish, it may be a salutary reminder that flies were advertised for sale in 1700, that the Devon minnow was invented as long ago as 1820 by Angel, of Exeter, and that it is over sixty years since Samuel Haines, of Cork, devised the Archer for spinning bait.

If one seeks to pick out the main points of current Redditch policy in tackle manufacture, I should say they were, first, to improve quality of rods—a move in which Colonel Milward is taking the lead—and, secondly, to simplify catalogues and cease to pander over-indulgently to the idiosyncrasies of customers—a highly uneconomic feature of the tackle trade before the war. To-day the industry has three main worries. Labour is short; and, though it was good to see a shop full of lads in Allcock's learning the rudiments of the craft by straightening whole canes on a "horse" and making up therefrom the inexpensive "seaside holiday" rods, women workers for hook-making and fly-dressing are grievously scarce. Then there is Purchase Tax. In contrast to the classical process of capitalism, the fishing-tackle industry has tended not to engulf individual craftsmen, but to proliferate in fissiparous fashion—throwing off craftsmen who have learnt their jobs in factories and want to set up on their own. A healthy enough development; but the Association of Tackle Makers is beginning to be worried by the fact that Purchase Tax does not apply to the products of firms whose turnover is ostensibly less than £500 a year. Memorialising the Chancellor, they have pointed out that, excluding exports worth £321,000 a year, the production by tax-paying manufacturers for the home market is valued at only £510,000 according to official estimates. Since this figure can hardly measure accurately the consumption annually of a least two million regular anglers, there must be a very large output of tackle by "little men," many of whom are dodging Purchase Tax and are contributing nothing to exports. The drain of scarce craftsmen into this black, or at least "grey" market, is a disturbing factor to the organised firms.

Finally, there is the fear, which besets to-day every craft industry in the country, lest priority for the Defence programme may mean the cutting off of essential material. Here, I suggest, tackle manufacturers have a good case for favourable treatment. Not merely have they an impressive export record, but raw material needs are small and the conversion value of their products almost fantastically high. Even for reels the quantity of brass and light alloys consumed is negligible in relation to national production, and, in the case, say, of No. 14 fly hooks, 1,000 of which take 1½oz. of steel, the conversion coefficient in terms of value is no less than 50. As for rods, labour costs are at least six-fold those of material. Happily for Redditch, even the Ministers of Supply and War are presumably conscious of the fact that two million anglers have two million votes. It might be hard to convince them that blameless trout-fishers must go Butcher-less to make an American General's holiday.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Save Your
WASTE PAPER
The need is very great. Most Local Authorities are again collecting.

Constant Lambert

I FIRST met Constant Lambert when he was very young. Even then it was impossible not to be astonished at his extraordinary knowledge of all that was going on in the arts in Europe. In this respect I do not think I ever met his equal. This comprehension, so unusual in its intensity, continued to develop, with the result that he was unrivalled among men of his age as a companion for artists. Yet he was not in the least precious, since he possessed a whole range of interest in other fields. This helped him to preserve a sense of proportion and sharpened his critical judgment, until he became probably the best living writer on music who was himself at the same time a working musician.

He gave much of his invaluable time to his work for the Sadlers Wells Ballet, and he also developed a separate career for himself as a conductor. The chief fruit, however, of any composer's life must be the number and quality of his compositions. His own original ballets were *Romeo and Juliet*, *Pomona*, *Horoscope* and *Tiresias* (the last only recently completed). These revealed the same vigour and intensity as did his choral works, *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, set to Nashe's words, and *Rio Grande*. In all he did he showed something new, for he was a man of ideas and intellect as well as of feeling.

I must also mention his gifts as a reciter. In 1923 I produced *Façade*, an entertainment in which my sister recited various poems of hers, technical exercises, set to music by Sir William Walton. The strain of the performance—in which the poems were to be recited and not sung—was considerable, since the human voice had to be of the same magnitude as the instruments. On subsequent occasions, Constant Lambert many times appeared in the role of the speaker, and in it his declamation was a real *tour de force*, the crispness of his diction being extraordinary.

As a schoolboy Constant Lambert had undergone a long and severe illness and had to contend against the consequent pain and discomfort for the rest of his life. In spite of this handicap he was a gay and lively companion with a genius for enjoyment. His talk, too, was swift and pointed, and he showed a novelist's gift for perceiving and revealing character. He exhibited neither the austerity nor the cant which established themselves as the virtues of the Thirties. Indeed, he belonged to the Twenties and disliked the dreary decade into which they merged. In the words of Nietzsche, he was, as he liked to be reminded, "yea-saying": a social man who loved the company of his fellows; but he had a compassionate heart, and he was personally shy in some respects, and always sensitive.

Here, at the end of my appreciation of Constant Lambert, I must record my opinion that he would be alive to-day had it not been for the savage onslaughts of the critics on the first long work he had been able to produce for some years, and one the whole of which was imbued to an unusual degree with his personality; I refer to that fine ballet, *Tiresias*. I am not suggesting that critics should write what they do not think or in any way disguise their opinions, but surely they could have been more civil, as was, for example, my friend Cyril Beaumont in the *Sunday Times* who, although not wholly liking *Tiresias*, was polite throughout. But, such is the rage of the uncreative against the creative, that nearly the whole body of critics, ignoring all Lambert had done, both for music and for British ballet, jumped on him as if he were a criminal. And they felled him just at a moment when he was unwell and seriously overworked. By this,

act solely will the critics responsible be remembered in the future. To them I can only reiterate the words of my friend Lincoln Kirstein to a well-known London art critic who was giving views of a fatuous kind on a great modern painter, "Oblivion is waiting for you."

OSBERT SITWELL

WREATH MAKERS : LEEDS MARKET

A cocksure boy in the gloom of the gilded market bends
With blunt fingers a bow of death, and the flowers work with him.
They fashion a grave of grass with dead bracken and fine ferns.

An old woman with a mouthful of wires and a clutch of irises
Mourns in perpetual black, and her fists with the sunken rings
Rummage in the fragrant workbasket of a wreath.

A laughing Flora dangles a cross between her thighs
Like a heavy child, feeds it with pale plump lilies, crimson
Roses, wraps it in greenery and whips it with wires.

And here a grieving flower-god with a lyre in his arms
Fumbles mute strings in the rough-gentle machine of his fingers,
His eyes wet violets, and in his mouth a last carnation.

Mourners all, they know not why they mourn,
But work, and breathe the perfumes of their trade
(Those flower-voices, through which death more keenly speaks),

With suitable dispassion; though they know their emblems fade,
And they at last must bear a yellowed wreath
That other hands, and other harvesters have made.

JAMES KIRKUP

SONG FOR MYSELF

Tall tree with branches in the moon's eye
And the woman standing beneath
With the white horse of sorrow.

Seven days she will wait there
And the fox will not look for food
No bird will sing till she goes away.

Two daggers she has in her hand
Silver and blue are their colours
One is for love and one for my blood.

I will not love her
She will not leave without my soul
Though she has one husband.

When the night falls down
The moon I will put in the river
In the dark I will steal the two daggers.

If she does not see me
I will run over three continents—
If she spots me I will push her in the water.

Then the fox will look for his food
The birds will not be afraid to sing
And I will go home to my ten chickens.

When I pushed her in the river
She pulled me in with her
Now she has two husbands under the ocean.

I am tied like a fool to her seaposter bed.

PATRICK GALVIN

The Arts and Entertainment

EDINBURGH—I

"NOTHING for *us*" was the disconsolate plaint of critics, after a round of *Lac des Cygnes, Pygmalion,* and *Don Giovanni*. And indeed novelty was something lacking in a Scottish orchard of wholesome familiar fruit. True, there was a new British Symphony. There were also exotics: Fanély Revoil and Willy Clément from the Opéra Comique singing French operetta, delightfully dismissing as "venial sins" acts unmentionable to the Edinbourgeois. There was the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, whose savour, less lush, less juicy than we expected, I will try to describe next week. Suzanne Danco, the exquisite and impeccable, has been here to delight us with two Schubert offertoria, sung with Boyd Neel's orchestra; and Stravinsky's Dumbarton Oaks concerto and Hamerik's Symphonie Spirituelle enlivened their round of well-worn Handel and Vivaldi. These were plums; but first Glyndebourne's blood-orange, *La Forza del Destino*, claims attention.

Forza was written in 1861, between *Ballo in Maschera* and *Don Carlo*. It is not as well-shaped an opera as its predecessor, for it has not *Ballo's* human motivation nor its tense construction. Destiny does little but provide improbable encounters to keep the characters together; Don Carlo, the relentless avenger, does the rest. The light relief, whether *vivandière* or monastic, is applied in crude patchwork. That is all there is to be said against the opera, and in performance that does not amount to much. For the scenes in themselves are well constructed, and have a lavish wealth of tunes as good as any in *Traviata* or *Trovatore*, tremendous duets, stunning arias for the soprano and baritone, ensembles in all combinations, and for the first time in Verdi a richly comic character. *Forza's* generous romanticism is *boulversant*; and its musical level is consistently high.

Once one starts praising aspects of the opera, all its wide variety seems admirable. The religious music lingers long in the memory: Leonora's prayer to the Virgin, her duet with Guardiano, and the monks' ensemble which follows it; "Pace, pace" and the final trio which have a pure spiritual quality like the *Requiem*. But equally memorable is the light music. It was emphatically right not to cut the "Rataplan" scene, for with it, and with "E bella la guerra" a Preziosilla-like Stignani can stop the show. Mildred Miller, tamed a little by Busch's slow tempi, sang the part very prettily, if with insufficient flash and sparkle. Then in Melitone there is a direct ancestor of Falstaff. Owen Brannigan's assumption was astoundingly good—I say astoundingly, for English *bassi buffi* are rarely even tolerable, and Brannigan was excellent. Bruce Dargavel, his Father Superior, lacked authority both of presence and voice. Then there is all the music for tenor and baritone. Marko Rothmüller, though his voice is not warm or sensuously rich, is a fine artist; and he hardly put a finger or semiquaver wrong in his impersonation of Carlo; "Urna fatale" was model. David Poleri, the new young tenor from New York City Centre, has an Italianate voice of often thrilling quality, ringing in sound and attractive in *mezza voce*. But his use of it is still ill-disciplined; his breath seems short, and he needs very little provocation to sing sharp. Yet, with a warm feeling for effective declamation, he makes an appealing Alvaro. Walburga Wegner's Leonora had style and beauty, with intelligent attention to details of phrasing. A more generous and ample top to the voice would have made "Non mi lasciar" more moving, but there was passion as well as care in her singing. She too is young, so much can be expected of her.

It was a virtue of Busch and Ebert's performance that though their prime concern was with the high musical level, they did not destroy the romanticism. Sometimes indeed one could have wished for more ardour and less artistry; but, even so, and though there were no Italians in *Forza*, its impact was sufficiently staggering. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra played extremely well (they need fear no rivalry from New York). The chorus singers were exceptionally good: in the measured crescendos of "Fate la carita" and the animated taunting of Melitone which follows it they sounded as if they all spoke fluent Italian; and "Rataplan, pim, pum, pam" was delivered with crisp exactness. The chorus is important in *Forza*: in the inn scene they must pass behind the scene as pilgrims singing in the minor, while on the stage there are eight distinct parts in the major (small wonder that this went slightly wrong); as monks they must sing the curse and "La Vergine degli Angeli" in an ensemble of overwhelming beauty. Leslie Hurry provided dramatic quick-change sets, the best Italian opera décor done in this country since the war; and since the King's Theatre is small, we could hardly complain at losing one of the most striking scenic effects—the opening of the great doors of the church to reveal the monks assembled for their malediction. It was perhaps a pity not to adopt Werfel's improvements in the staging. In his version, he made the great tenor-baritone duet the culmination of the third act (as was Piave's original intention); he also had Alvaro and Carlo cross the stage fighting in the last scene, which certainly clarifies the course of the action. As it was, Glyndebourne's distribution of the second act between the first and third actually made the opera more unwieldy. The only large cuts were unimportant ones in the inn and *vivandière* scenes.

ANDREW PORTER

TREASURE TROVE

THERE is no limit to the interpretations which can be put upon the extraordinary exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries—a review of British Taste, good and bad, during the last hundred years. There are hobby-horses for all. Each decade is represented by 25 pieces—paintings and sculpture. The visitor can rediscover with nostalgic delight the originals of his aunt's favourite oleographs; he can marvel at Alma Tadema's *Silver Favourites* (Greek ladies feeding fishes on the *côte d'azure*); he can speculate upon the psychological significance of the Victorian love of heavy drapery and epicene beauty—the boys are often indistinguishable from the girls; he can note the basic similarity between Francis Bacon's agonised *Head* and Frederick Sandys' *Medea*; or he can read the quotations from contemporary criticism in the catalogue and be reminded that all critics are bound to make fools of themselves.

Many of the pictures of the first five decades might have been conceived by Cecil B. de Mille. Their grandiloquence is similar to Hollywood's; their detailed method of painting gives them, whatever their subject, the fabulous quantitative value of huge crowd scenes; their emotional sense of justice is conventional and unreal. Actually both paintings and films satisfied a demand for the same comfort: an assurance that the real world conformed to an ideal dramatic Order. Dogs were faithful to their masters. Aristocrats on their way to execution took snuff and their ruffian guards always had blood on their boots. Lives of unrewarding toil were Patient. Dreams were sweet. Probably within this demand there was some unconscious awareness that the pretence could not last much longer. A disproportionately large number of pictures dealt with Death and Loss: *Faithful unto this Last, Lost or Strayed, The Random Shot, My Lady is a Widow and Childless.*

It is impossible to say exactly when the illusion was consciously discarded. Occasional works by Rossetti, the daemonic figures of Burne-Jones, the macabre encounters of Beardsley, hint at a darker or less morally conclusive world. Certainly by the 1914-18 War the reaction had set in—life appeared an unpredictable chaos, a series of shocks. This meant that the academic painter was reduced to exaggerating casual, superficial "character." The

picture of the bathers could no longer evoke eternal Youth and Beauty nor even Rustic Innocence, but had to compete with the Best Holiday Snapshot. Wide eyes no longer denoted Faith but Glamour. Consequently the typical academic painting of the last thirty years has been slicker and cheaper than anything that preceded it. Imaginative painters, on the other hand, were forced to search for significance in an unpredictable world. Many failed to find this and produced works which were primarily destructive or were based on consoling theoretical values. A few were successful and for them the commonplace elements of the grand Victorian Scheme—the gesture of a woman, the beauty of a landscape, the life of a soldier—became sources of deep and unexpected meaning. Their work was an assurance, not that the world was neat, but that its possibilities were huge.

The many cross-currents and movements within this main development are placed in perspective by the present exhibition. One can see, for instance, the early (social) realism of painters like Frith and George Hicks (1824-1905). One can understand the original shock of the Vorticists. There are interesting juxtapositions. Nevinson's grim Road from Arras to Bapaume hangs below a picture of *Pomiatorsky's* (Royal Tournament) *Last Charge at Liepzig* by Caton Woodville. A Reclining Woman by Henry Moore lies in the same section as a fantastic ivory carving of a dolled-up goddess called Autumn. It is only in the last decade that one is critical of the selection, but by then one has rightly become—despite the warning of the whole exhibition—parochial.

JOHN BERGER

TELEVISION NOTES

THE lights blare on, the cameraman gets set and points the lens of his large, grey, wheeled television camera at you, the studio-manager's hand drops down with the signal for you to start, and you're committed to the air. This is a new human experience, because once it starts there's very little you can get out of. You're irredeemably you. On the lecture platform you can watch your audience and modify your own performance in order to balance cause and effect in your favour. But in the television studio you go on being your talkative self against the impersonal, technical atmosphere of the quietened, concentrated studio staff. There is no question of vetting or editing as in the film or on recorded sound-radio. On television you are left to fend for yourself.

A quiet assurance, without brashness or impertinence, seems to succeed best in unscripted television. Occasionally, in those programmes which introduce people in the news, a personality will suddenly succeed, establishing a warm, amusing relationship with the tens of thousands of distant units which make up the audience. I thought this strikingly illustrated by the Scottish Channel swimmer Mr. Barney whom Frank Covan skilfully and unpretentiously interviewed two or three weeks ago, and who claimed he kept himself going by singing to himself as he swam! A severer test is the Saturday series *Speaking Personally*, in which Nigel Balchin, to select one of the speakers, gave a very finished self-portrait of a writer and his methods of work, smiling gently into the camera with a certain smooth confidence. In addition, television affords opportunities, which the film exhibitors are unable to offer, for important speeches like that of the Duke of Edinburgh to the British Association to be recorded on film and subsequently relayed complete. In this case the speaker had a script, and his personality was revealed by involuntary movements of the head and of the hands, and by the pauses and inflexions resulting from a living response to the presence of an audience.

Another interesting personality on television recently has been that of Bernard Miles—first of all as himself interviewing listeners who brought to the studio interesting personal possessions of historic interest. Another night he did his dialect act as a countryman who roves a wicked eye over the neighbourhood, tells revealing stories and sings a little song. Bernard Miles has this character so fixed that no television studio can make it appear self-conscious, as so many comic acts primarily intended for the lively rough and tumble of the music-hall tend to become when they are televised, and make variety the outstanding weakness of our television entertainment. In much the same way Toke Townley gave sincerity to the difficult character of the night-porter with an over-developed conscience in *I Done a Murder*, and Michael Gough, David Bird and particularly Maurice Colbourne made recognisably real people out of their characters in the play about the prison-camp, *Albert*, characters which could easily have been ruined by stock playing. Another excellent performance was that by Miles Malleson in *The Bachelor*, 'his own adaptation from Turgenev's play. The elderly bachelor Moshkin is a comic character, an eccentric, but one in whom generous feelings play so important a part that sympathy soon becomes the chief response from the audience. Miles Malleson knows exactly how to command this sympathy through what is fundamentally a comic performance.

Ballet on television faces particular difficulties. Choreography on the stage obviously depends considerably on spatial effects, and on lighting and colour. The flat, small, monochromatic television picture, with its very limited capacity to suggest depth in comparison even with a two-dimensional big-screen film, means that the effects of grouping must be strictly confined both in width and depth, though certain effects succeed if the camera looks down from a height or if a small group of figures in the background are placed in contrast with a single figure in the immediate foreground. The advantage that television ballet has over stage ballet (provided, of course, that the choreography and the nature of the action are enhanced by such effects) is that the producer can constantly change the viewpoint from which the ballet is seen and use the dramatic emphasis of close-up. *Le Pavillon d'Armide* struck me as too elaborate and spectacular a ballet to be suitable for television at this stage in its development. Nevertheless, the work of Christian Simpson, who produces many excellent programmes for television, is of great importance to the development of the medium.

ROGER MANVELL

THE MOVIES

"Meurtres," at the Academy
"People Will Talk," at the Odeon
"I Was a Communist for the F.B.I.," at Warner's

One had often thought of Fernandel, the long-faced comedian, as equine; his new film, *Meurtres*, discloses him cheek by jowl with a horse, and the impact is serious. This in itself is a victory (since every comic sees himself in tragedy), and few moments have been more awe-inspiring since Hitler realised his solemnisation of Charlie Chaplin. The new Fernandel—a farmer in a small way—leads his horse a few paces, walks heavily to the door, and confronts a bedridden wife on whom lies unmistakably the accent of tragedy. He's off in, not his first, but his biggest serious part.

And very well, up to a point, it is managed. The wife in agony persuades him, loving, simple man, to put an end to her pain with one more injection than the doctor ordered; he is prevented then from giving himself up to the police by the family, who ingeniously wangle him into an asylum to hush up scandal. It is quite a good story of the domestic kind in which everyone except the hero and perhaps a young girl is detestable; and it works out, after a grim beginning, to a witty end in which Fernandel, all smiles, waves good-bye to the discomfited little foxes on the platform. Certainly, it has been Fernandel's film; an appealing performance that calls for respect. But the film itself has suffered not a little from the necessity, first of establishing a Fernandel without laughs and, second, of letting him loosen up once he's master of the situation. This has meant modulating from grim pathos to buoyant irony, rather too much of a switch-round, though it is skilfully contrived. More deleterious, the simple soul played by Fernandel, however continuously engaging, doesn't quite step out; his speeches are too smooth; he is given one too many of them, and he and we attend with too much certainty the time of his coming up smiling. Still, this film, directed by Richard Pottier, is intelligent and enjoyable.

If half the dramatic competence of *Meurtres* had gone to the making of *People Will Talk*, we should have been spared an hour and a half's tedious muddle. It is hard to recognise here the director of *All About Eve* (Joseph L. Mankiewicz); his talent, always preoccupied with the theatre, touches a very low level of staginess. The story, about a village quack who has become a great surgeon, has a rather awful Mr. Deedsy flavour, and its sentimental and melodramtic trappings clatter inanely through what seem like fifteen acts. One can only feel sorry for all the actors involved, and especially for Finlay Currie who, having had to lumber through the fifteen acts as Mysterious Old Faithful, is given a Thurberesque speech at end, in which he confesses to having murdered a man twice and been once hanged. After that, and wondering exactly how funny it all is, we are allowed to go home.

I Was a Communist for the F.B.I. warns by its title that only conventional thrills in a new setting are to be expected. Mr. Frank Lovejoy has a hard time of it as a spy in the Communist camp, spat at by his family as a Red rat. The whole family look like rats, of one colour or another. Then, would a man in his position write and leave about a letter giving away his secret? Would it fall into such sweetly sympathetic hands? And would the police be able always to listen in to Communist counsels as they do? I don't doubt the genuineness of the material on which this film is based, but I should like to have seen it made rather more convincing. As it is, we are given fair thrills, and at least a peep behind the iron curtain of Communism abroad.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Only four more weeks

in which to see 'the most remarkable collection of books and literary material ever brought together in Britain, perhaps in the world.'[1] In this 'unique and priceless collection'[2] 'the progress of British genius is brilliantly displayed in terms of the printed page. This most impressive exhibition'[3] is 'a stupendous task brilliantly performed.'[4] It is 'gay, ingenious and enticing'[5]—'for book-lovers the best Festival bobs-worth.'[6]

The Book Exhibition

presented at the Victoria & Albert Museum, by the National Book League. Admission 1s. (children 6d.). Open weekdays, 10 to 6, Sundays, 2.30 to 6. Two-hundred-page descriptive catalogue, price 1s. 6d. from any bookshop.

¶The advertisement copy above is contributed by [1]The Spectator, [2]The Times Literary Supplement, [3]The N. S. & N., [4]The Scotsman, [5]J. B. Priestley, B.B.C., and [6]The Daily Worker.

"Black Eyes and Lemonade," at the Whitechapel Art Gallery.

The Whitechapel gallery, with its atmosphere of lively unpretentious interest, has always been a gallery with a difference. It has now been turned into a sort of pantechnicon—of *Popular Art*. A milk-cart, St. Paul's Cathedral in sugar, stuffed dogs, birthday cards, Trade Union banners, beer-bottle labels, sea-side souvenirs: these must give an inadequate idea of the almost kleptomaniac range of the collection. A few of the several thousand exhibits, some of the pieces of 19th-century China, some of the posters and notices, the complicated plaited loaves, the ships' figureheads, are delightful; many are hideously ugly and, contrary to the implications of the Catalogue Introduction, will remain so, irrespective of critical fashion. Many others are not popular in the indigenous sense of the word but are imposed commercial productions. (The argument that these things are enjoyed ignores the fact that industrial capitalism has now destroyed the standards of Popular Taste and substituted for them standards of Gentility, Bogus-originality and competitive cultural Smartness.) In fact, the local inhabitants of Whitechapel place the exhibits in their proper perspective; "That's a lark," "That's a nice job of work," "There's an Arsenal scarf," "There's a comic you can read for nuffink." They do not belong to art but to life; they are the trappings, the diversions, the bastard bits and pieces. Out of their context, like photographs in an old paper, they remain vaguely evocative but they lose their meaning and require a poet or novelist to re-create their significance in images. However, since many of us have amateur sociological or literary interests, the show is well worth a visit. One can choose one's text. "Hear my prayer O Lord" (with orchid illuminations), "Give your fowls Ovum" (agricultural poster) or "Love and be Happy" (painted glass rolling pin).

JOHN BERGER

Correspondence

DIVIDEND FREEZE

SIR,—In reply to Paul Derrick, you rightly say that the dividend freeze would mean the end of Labour's conception of a mixed economy in which risk-bearing capital performs its functions alongside the public-owned utilities.

In fact, Paul Derrick's letter illustrates the confusion which exists in the minds of many Labour supporters concerning economics in Britain to-day. These people have not yet realised that the capitalist society as described in the classic textbooks of Socialism has already ceased to exist, though many of its trappings remain. By a truly British process of evolution it has changed into a "managerial" society.

The distribution of profits in most undertakings shows this only too clearly. How often one can see, when examining company balance sheets, that the total emoluments of the directors equal and even exceed the total sum paid out to the ordinary shareholders. Yet there are hardly ever more than ten directors to an undertaking, whereas there may be hundreds of ordinary shareholders. The ordinary shareholder, who is usually equated with the capitalist of the bad old days, gets really very little out of what is supposed to be his property according to the law. The plums are almost always taken by the directors who, of course, have many facilities of enriching themselves by means other than cash payments.

Workers often see their directors flaunting considerable wealth. They know that this wealth is the product of their (the workers') labour. But they do not usually realise just how it is done. Certainly, very large numbers believe that distributed profits have something to do with it. They therefore call for a reduction of dividends. What they really want is a reduction of the directors' income, but this won't be achieved that way. Directors' incomes do not normally depend on ordinary dividends. These only provide the youngsters' pocket money.

Paul Derrick admits that the actual effect of the dividend freeze on the cost of living will be infinitesimal. But, he says, it will reduce the claims of the workers. He is quite mistaken if he thinks that workers ask for higher wages just because they see shareholders getting higher dividends. They ask for higher wages because prices are going up. The only effect which the dividend freeze will have on wage claims will be to deprive some people of a very unimportant excuse for asking for them.

The dividend freeze will, however, have an extremely bad effect on the provision of capital for new enterprises. Capital will not be attracted by a maximum of 7 per cent. New enterprises are not necessarily successful, but the proposals for a dividend freeze do not appear to provide for a risk freeze also. Paul Derrick's contention that the ordinary shareholder himself would benefit because he would not have to pay an excessive price for shares whose dividend expectations are not realised is utter nonsense. The applicant for new shares knows very well that he is taking a risk. If he didn't want to do so he could always buy gilt-edged. The dividend freeze will not, of course, stop the provision of risk-capital. But instead of enriching British industry, which should be its task, this will now find other outlets. Some of these will not be very desirable.

Lastly, there is the matter of gambling on the Stock Exchange. Paul Derrick seems to think that the only things that the Stock Exchange gambles in are ordinary shares. Apparently he does not realise that there is an element of uncertainty in everything that is dealt in on the Exchange, as there is in every commercial transaction. Gambling will only stop when all uncertainties have been removed, which won't be in our lifetime, anyway.

There is no doubt that the dividend freeze will be accepted unanimously at the forthcoming Labour Party conference. It will make a very good issue on which to fight an election. Its popular appeal will be great. But most of the delegates who will vote for it will not appreciate the effect their action will have on the economy—over-estimating its effect in one direction and under-estimating it in another—whereas a few, who ought to know better, will vote for it merely to get an electoral advantage

201, Buckhurst Way, W. P. LEIGHTON
Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

SIR,—It is reassuring to find that Mr. Harold Wilson accepts, what some of us have said throughout this controversy, that it is absurd to accuse the Chancellor of deliberately financing British rearmament out of higher prices. Too many weekly journals (including your own) have made this accusation. It is to be hoped, after Mr. Wilson's authoritative statement, that it will be heard no more.

It is also reassuring that Mr. Wilson now takes a somewhat more optimistic view about the raw materials situation than he did at the time of the Budget. This question appeared, at the time, to be the main issue between the resigning Ministers and the Chancellor. We need not quarrel about the exact reasons why the Chancellor's estimates have proved to be more nearly right than those of his critics (though the most obvious reason is that his assumptions were correct, and theirs were not). It would be churlish to rebut in detail Mr. Wilson's claim that the improvement is all due to the Ministerial resignations—one does not wish to belittle the importance of the resigning Ministers. But it is permissible to point out that many other factors have been operating to ease the position, and indeed were operating before the resignations took place.

On the foreign balance, I can only repeat what I said before, that a study of the figures shows that by far the greater part of the deterioration as compared with official estimates comes on the side of imports and not of exports. The worsened balance of trade therefore proves nothing about the incompatibility of the rearmament programme and a balance in our foreign payments. (Incidentally, Mr. Wilson does not appear to realise that a time-lag exists between a fall in world commodity prices and a fall in U.K. import prices.)

On subsidies Mr. Wilson's argument is disarmingly innocent of figures. He apparently thinks that the Budget was too little disinflationary. He also thinks it should have made "a substantial addition to subsidies." And he also thinks the charge on teeth and spectacles was wrong.

These are three separate reasons why taxation, in Mr. Wilson's view, should have been raised in the Budget. By how much? And what new taxes? It is an interesting speculation. Mr. Wilson knows quite well that the various suggested capital taxes, desirable though they might be on social grounds, would not have the disinflationary effect which he wants. What would be needed, on his argument, would be taxes which ate into current spending—and not just the current spending of Stock Exchange investors, either.

But this is the point in the argument where silence always supervenes.

House of Commons. ANTHONY CROSLAND

DIRTY FOOD

SIR,—In his proposals for remedying the serving of dirty food, Mr. Norman MacKenzie shows lack of practical experience in the catering trade. In common with other travelled hotel keepers I have installed dish-washing machines, stainless sinks and copious supplies of hot water in quite a small establishment, only to find that the dish-washer was expected to cope with bacon rinds, cigarette ends and spent matches—when the proprietor's back was turned. The stainless sink would be cluttered with tea-leaves, congealed grease and anything left on a plate. Bad management, or inefficiency? No, just the type of staff available for a job that no one wants. To insist on reasonable use of equipment provided to render the job easier is merely to provoke a "walk out" with the resultant "do it yourself." If Mr. MacKenzie can devise a means to prevent staff smoking quietly in the kitchens or improve the kind of worker which no Catering Wages Act can replace in the sort of establishment he refers to, then thousands of harassed people in the food trades will be interested to hear about it. I dare not give my name otherwise I should be boycotted.

COUNTRY HOTEL KEEPER

SIR,—In his excellent article on "Dirty Food," Norman MacKenzie refers to the necessity for thorough washing of the hands after use of the toilet.

Is it not high time that local health authorities encouraged observance of this elementary hygienic precaution by remitting the impost of 3d now charged for washing facilities in public conveniences? St. Marylebone, alone amongst metropolitan boroughs, has for a considerable time provided adequate and free supplies of hot water, liquid soap and paper towels: her sister boroughs are extraordinarily dilatory in following her excellent example.

The reluctance of caterers, public houses, cinemas and theatres to provide adequate sanitary and washing accommodation is hardly surprising in view of the failure of local sanitary authorities to give a lead

P. J. FINN

112 Belgrave Road, London, S.W.1.

ISRAEL AFTER THE POLL

SIR,—It is obvious from the contents of the article that Mr. Samuel Rolbant is a strong partisan of the Mapai (Israel Labour Party), but it is most surprising that for Party purposes he should make such serious accusations against their opponents, which are grossly unjust, and would befit a rabid anti-Semite.

Any impartial observer who has been in Israel since the establishment of the State, has had none but the highest praise for the community as a whole—in fact, it was generally agreed, that in spite of the overwhelming difficulties with which they are confronted, the progress is absolutely startling. By "overwhelming difficulties" it is meant (a) that financially the burden is tremendous and (b) having to deal with people from most diverse backgrounds with mental and psychological problems, which the late War brought on them.

Their behaviour by and large, is second to none. Of course, there are no doubt "black sheep," but they are certainly not all confined only to the opponents of the Mapai. In fact, it is known that many of these "undesirables" are for opportunistic reasons strong supporters of the Mapai, for the finest jobs and positions can be had from them in conjunction

with the Histadrut (Israel Trade Union Congress), who are the most powerful trading and industrial undertakers of the Land. RUDOLPH STERN

COAL, GAS AND ELECTRICITY

SIR,—On the question of Gas *v.* Electricity you say what I have argued for years. Indeed I could go farther and contend that electric power ought to be a by-product of the gasification of coal. If you burn coal under boilers to generate electricity, you send the by-products into the air, doing much damage. In a gasworks you separate these by-products (some 2,000) and use them. My plan, therefore, is that the Coal Board should sell coal to Gas Boards at a lower price than it charges to Electricity Boards. What was the good of "nationalising" the three industries if you cannot make them serve the national interest?

Then, of course, the price of electricity for lighting should be reduced, and the price for power and heating should be raised. One great difference between the two sources of power is that you can store gas but not electricity; hence a gas undertaking is not troubled about "peak" demands.

J. E. ALLEN

2, St. Peter's Terrace, Cambridge.

SIR,—What is lost sight of is the enormous inefficiency of the electric "fire" as regards coal burnt at the generating station. According to latest statistics the coal efficiency of the fire is less than 20 per cent, and the average consumption of coal is 1.39 lb per unit generated. A fire consuming two units an hour for 12 hours a day would take 33lb of coal to keep it going; over 2cwt a week. Can we afford to waste our greatest national asset? J. DOUGLAS

VILLAGE SCHOOLS

SIR,—I have been most interested in the correspondence on village schools arising from Mr. Butler's articles on the topic and would like to add, to Mr. McLardy's devastating rejoinder to it, the support of someone who knows what a village school is like from the actual experience of running one.

The sooner, in my view, the work these institutions are meant to do is assimilated into large urban organizations the better. They are now in the hands, largely, of ageing and lonely teachers, obscurantist vicars who try to get the post of Headmistress given to whichever applicant will promise to give up her Sundays to organ-playing in Church, and of that educational anachronism, the "Managers Committee," a body of people drawn from the psychological casualties of England's gentry, with the inclusion of a socially "reliable" butcher. Being unable to cope with life in any vital form, they are tempted to these rural backwaters where the labourer still touches his cap to whoever does not talk in dialect.

The pupils themselves, however, I have found in no way superior either in their relationship with adults or with each other to pupils in urban schools. They have for a start less independence: this, in a small community, can make the one who dares practise it a pariah among his fellows, whereas in a school comprising a variety of types and backgrounds the oddest child may find his level. This danger is instinctively understood by the children here, as by their parents, with the result that in both sections of the community the most extraordinary loathings underlie apparently friendly relations and mob solidarity against anything unfamiliar flourishes unchallenged; an additional result being, where the children are concerned, the swift deadening of minds already none too bright because of heredity and upbringing—in the absence of minds unlike their own to clash with: a condition that only something on the lines of the comprehensive school can remedy.

Somerset. M. J. GOLDMAN

SIR,—Mr. R. A. Butler deplores the wholesale closure of village primary schools, and he might equally have protested against the closing of the small country grammar schools.

The action is based, as with the primary schools, on the argument that small schools are inefficient and that a grammar school, such as Robert May's Grammar School, Odiham, Hants., which has only about 100 pupils, cannot organise an efficient Sixth Form. Yet, up to the old school certificate level, it is at least efficient as its urban neighbours, and those pupils who wished to go further could be provided for.

But the value of the school lies in more than mere certificate winning. Its teachers live in the village in close contact with parents and community life. Since 1694 it has built up a tradition and an influence in the district which is now to be swept away. Pupils are, in future, to be directed to urban schools and, if they achieve greater academic success than formerly (which is doubtful), they will have lost something more valuable in the "distinctive character and moral influence" which have been neither "feudal" nor "narrowing."

The Hampshire County Council will perhaps save some money and be helped out of a difficulty brought about by the closing of several village primary schools. But that is another story!

Beckenham, Kent. W. G. WHITE

COMMON CHILD

SIR,—Mr. Crossman is a Platonist and believes in an elite. In fact, every society necessarily throws up an elite. It may be one of birth, of wealth or of intellect. The Whig Aristocracy in the 18th century to some degree combined all three. I agree with Mr. Crossman that the elite we want is one of intellect. Character is to a large extent a function of intellect. In my forty years as a class-teacher in our State schools I nearly always found that the boys and girls with the best intellects had also the best characters. Incidentally they were also generally the best looking. That is Nature's way. To him that hath shall be given. But I can conceive nothing more disastrous than segregating the elite from 11 to 18 into separate schools divorced from the rest of the community. The elite amongst schoolchildren are the future leaders. The future leaders should know something of the emotions and outlook of those whom they will have to lead. If they do not their leadership, however able, produces resentment and frustration.

Finally Mr. Crossman evades the main problem. We are now, for the first time in our history, giving secondary education to all our children of 11 and upwards. The problem is "How shall we organise that education to give the best advantage not only to the brilliant children but to the average children who constitute the majority?" Some of us believe we have found the answer in the Comprehensive School.

House of Commons. RALPH MORLEY

ÆSTHETICS OF SOLDIERY

SIR,—As one who normally shares your outlook on man and his many curious activities I am hurt to find that you include in a recent "This England" the case of a man who found "aesthetic satisfaction" on the parade ground. I am an old soldier of the two world wars who has played nearly all the parts in the parade ground cast with the same satisfaction as the writer who evokes your smile.

Nevertheless the first war left me a thorough-going philosophic pacifist who regards war as nothing higher than a bar-room brawl. I rejoined the army because, first, it is an easy and quite healthy human reaction to fight with the crowd you were drinking with once the bottles have started flying, and, secondly, because the parade ground has always given me what it gives a great many other ordinary men, a satisfaction which can most conveniently be described as "aesthetic."

I cannot recall the case of any pacifist attacking that charming Chauve Souris "Dance of the Wooden Soldiers" as militaristic or finding the discipline of the Tiller Girls a threat to World Peace. When one considers the nature of modern front line combat can the stately pavane of the perfectly trained soldier on a ceremonial parade be considered any more militaristic?

Inevitably one is brought back to the War Dance which is as old as war itself and a question which I leave to anthropologists—why are the best fighters almost always the best dancers?

65 Beach Road, W. A. MCLEOD
Pyle, Glam. (Lt.-Col.)

CONTENTED COWS

SIR,—By a rather ironical stroke, just when the public at large has accepted the psycho-analytical theory that the sexual urges of mankind are liable to become unhealthy when frustrated, cattle and poultry farmers are halfway towards abolishing natural mating altogether in the breeding of animals.

I thought, as an exemplar of the scientific age, few sights could be so coldly cruel and so depressing as the little regiment of battery hens displayed at the South Bank Exhibition, but Nigel Harvey's complacent article on artificial insemination has shown that there are even drearier levels.

The gods who, in the pride and fire of their virility, once loved to assume the guise of bulls, rams and stallions, would presumably, if they should choose to revisit this scarcely inviting world, find it preferable to appear as rabbits, animals which at least retain the privilege of procreating by the means that man himself has not renounced—as yet.

DORIS LANGLEY MOORE

HENRY MILLER

SIR,—Mr. Alfred Perles and I are editing a book on Henry Miller (excerpts from his work, letters, photographs, etc.). We should be glad if those readers who have Miller's letters still in their possession would lend them to us. They will be well-looked after and returned as soon as possible.

209 Thessaly Road, GRAHAM ACKROYD
London, S.W.8.

MR. DAVID ECCLES, M.P.

A CORRECTION

In an article last week we described Mr. David Eccles, M.P., as a banker. Mr. Eccles points out that this is incorrect. We apologise for our inaccuracy and for any pain which may have been caused to Mr. Eccles by such a description of him.

Books in General

In 1603 the greatest English royal dynasty came to an end. With surprising smoothness King James succeeded Queen Elizabeth. Directly, that transition made the fortune of a great private dynasty, the Cecils of Hatfield; incidentally it ruined one of the greatest living Englishmen, Sir Walter Ralegh.*

In November 1603 Sir Walter Ralegh was accused of treason—of seeking, with Spanish and popish aid, to overthrow the new king and substitute on his throne a puppet-queen. The evidence for this charge was simple: first, a group of desperate popish gentry in the Midlands, having hatched an absurd plot in the obscurity of Sherwood Forest, admitted that they had pleased themselves with the fancy of Ralegh's support; secondly, a single thrice-perjured witness alternately alleged and denied and re-alleged that it was so. At his trial at Winchester Ralegh contemptuously dismissed such evidence and demanded to face his accuser. Was it likely, he asked, that he would consent to be "a Robin Hood, a Wat Tyler, a Jack Cade, a John Kett"? And did not the law anyway demand two witnesses? It was in vain. Over against him was the King's Attorney, Sir Edward Coke. No lack of evidence could disconcert that great Panjandrum of the Common Law. "Damnable atheist," he cried, "thou hast a Spanish heart and art thyself a spider of Hell." "Many horse-stealers would escape," declared another sententious lawyer, "if they could not be hanged but by the mouth of two witnesses." These arguments convinced the special judges of that tribunal—Sir Robert Cecil, the King's secretary, Ralegh's former friend, who would himself silently pocket, among other bribes, a pension from Spain; Lord Henry Howard, Ralegh's inveterate enemy, himself a secret papist. By one of the most famous injustices in our history Ralegh was condemned to death and led out to execution. Then, having submitted to all the formalities of approaching death, he was suddenly, at the last moment, reprieved; the British Solomon admired, in this solemn farce, the evidence of his own magnanimity; and Ralegh disappeared, for fifteen years, into the Tower.

Ralegh's condemnation in 1603 was a climacteric in his personal life and evoked from him his finest poems—his *Passionate Man's Pilgrimage*, his *Petition to the Queen*. He had always been a poet, of all the Elizabethan court-poets "most lofty, insolent and passionate"; but beneath the polished surface of his occasional verse there lay, half-hidden, qualities which separate him from his rivals in that field: an insatiable intellectual ambition, a deep and proud melancholy. He was the patron not only of Spenser but of the disquieting "School of Night": of the atheist Marlowe, "still climbing after knowledge infinite," and, indirectly, of that self-torturing laborious introvert, George Chapman, forerunners of the mystical poets of the new century. So now, on the eve of execution, Ralegh struck a new vein and expressed in poetry his latent metaphysical melancholy:

> Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
> My staff of faith to walk upon,
> My scrip of Joy, immortal diet,
> My bottle of Salvation,
> My gown of Glory, hope's true gage,
> And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
>
> Blood must be my body's balmer,
> No other balm will there be given,
> Whilst my soul, like a white palmer,
> Travels to the land of Heaven . . .

Then, turning like all the poets of that litigious age to the processes of law for his images, he pronounced, indirectly, his sentence on the corrupt and unjust tribunal that had condemned him, and particularly on the King's Attorney, Sir Edward Coke:

> From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
> Where no corrupted voices brawl,
> No conscience molten into gold,
> Nor forg'd accusers bought and sold,
> No cause deferr'd nor vain-spent journey,
> For there Christ is the King's Attorney . . .

Ralegh's trial, which recreated his poetry and gave him the leisure to write his most ambitious work, the *History of the World*, was also the cause of his remarkable posthumous reputation; but legally it was an outrage, which has to be explained. Of course it was a political trial; and the politics of the last years of Elizabeth bring us back always to the meteor of her declining court, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

Ralegh and Essex, famous as rival courtiers, sustaining on the spoils of church-lands, court offices and war their ambitions, their retinues, their dependent poets, their elaborate gestures, were nevertheless not court figures only. Behind the court was the country, divided—like the court—by brisk party struggles between those who enjoyed and those who coveted the sweets and opportunities of office: between the Cecils and their ever-growing system of patronage on the one hand, and, on the other, Essex at the head of the excluded peers at court, the excluded gentry in the country. Against the day when the old Queen should die, the parties manoeuvred and counter-manoeuvred; then, in 1601, Essex was out-manoeuvred and destroyed; the peers who had rashly followed him made their submission; and the court at least was united round Sir Robert Cecil, who could now negotiate from strength with the King of Scots and ensure, under a new king, the continuation of the old system, the vast monopoly of office which he had so nearly closed.

But if the court was united, what of the country? If the peers had forsaken them, the gentry would look to other champions. If Essex was dead, they would look to his old rival, himself by birth "a bare gentleman." Ralegh, by his individualism, his isolation, his survival, became the hope of all whom the Cecil system excluded; and Cecil and his allies the Howards were convinced that, to complete their monopoly, Ralegh must be destroyed. In secret letters to the King of Scots they denounced, with sanctimonious spite, the "atheist" and his friends; and when the King's mind had been sufficiently poisoned, they struck. A few desperate plotters mumbled the name of Ralegh. It was enough. The all-powerful secretary, with unctuous magnanimity, presided over the trial, and could rely on his own brother-in-law, Attorney General Coke, to demand the death-sentence; Ralegh was ruined; and the empire of Cecil was safe for ever.

Thereafter the excluded gentry, leaderless and resentful, looked from afar upon the gay, corrupt, extravagant court of James I, and the words which Ralegh, in his temporary eclipse by Essex, had once applied to the old court,

> Say to the court it glows
> And shines like rotten wood

now seemed to them doubly applicable to the new. The great Cecil racket was succeeded by the great Buckingham racket; court and country drifted ever further apart; and the distant protests of the gentry, as they beat inaudibly upon that frivolous world of privilege and pleasure, assumed by opposition a puritan earnestness. Naturally their minds turned to their most distinguished fellow victim, whose name recalled the happier days of "Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory": the solitary prisoner who now, still insatiable in his boundless intellectual quest, was practising chemistry in a shed under the Tower Wall, or writing for Prince Henry the *History of the World*. "Only my father," exclaimed the indignant prince, "would keep such a bird in a cage." Then, in 1618, the bird was let out, and the second visit to Guiana was followed by the second and final ruin. Fifteen years after his freedom had been sacrificed to Cecil, Ralegh's life was sacrificed to the Spanish ambassador. So once again, still on the old charge, he was condemned to death; once again he penned—or rather, as we now know, remade—a valedictory poem, those famous lines inscribed in his Bible; once again he was led out to the block. Only this time there were differences. In 1603, thanks to his "damnable pride," Ralegh had been the most hated man in England—at his trial at Winchester he had barely been brought alive through the crowd; in 1618 he was everywhere hailed as a martyr. In 1603, to the disappointment of the observers, the axe had not fallen; in 1618, to their dismay, it fell.

Thence also sprang the strange history of his later fame. Ralegh, the outrageous intellectual, the arrogant courtier, rich, elegant, flamboyant, with his satin clothes and huge pearl eardrops, the cosmopolitan, the Machiavellian, the atheist, whose casual table-talk had sent a Dorset parson mumping to the Privy Council, was gradually transformed, by their common misfortunes, into the idol of earnest, conventional, parsimonious, provincial, puritan Midland squires. In their country houses they transcribed his casual poems; they expressed their views in pamphlets entitled *Sir Walter Ralegh's Ghost*; they read, in half a century, twenty editions of his *History of the World*; and when, in the Great Rebellion, they rose at last and swept away the whole court, the court of Charles I, the last Renaissance court in Europe, they did it in the name of the greatest of all courtiers and virtuosi, Sir Walter Ralegh, whose minor works were first collected and published under the English Republic, whose dreams of a Caribbean Empire became the policy of the Protectorate, whose *History of the World* was, after the Bible, the favourite reading of Oliver Cromwell. Truly, until Disraeli, no man was followed by a more incongruous party than he.

H. R. Trevor-Roper

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EMPSON ON WORDS

The Structure of Complex Words. By WILLIAM EMPSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 21s.

The reputation of the author of *Seven Types of Ambiguity* and *Some Versions of Pastoral* has grown steadily since the appearance of those two excellent books, in spite of their difficulty. The latter was published in 1935. Since then there has been a volume of poems, *The Gathering Storm*, but no criticism, although a growing public in America as well as England has come to regard William Empson as a literary critic of the first rank and influence. After the war Mr. Empson went back to Peking to teach English to the Chinese, a task to which, like Professor I. A. Richards, he attaches high importance. While in China he completed the present work, which has been in gestation for about fifteen years. It is a very considerable affair, though it owes its impressive effect not so much to the length of its 450 pages as to the sustained fertility of its ideas and lack of padding. It is well turned out (full marks to the publishers) and exceptional value for a guinea; one will want to re-read it and should therefore buy it. On a mere first reading I feel some diffidence in reviewing the product of so much hard, clear thinking.

No writer has shown a finer perception of the structure of words, their ironies, ambiguities and complexities, than William Empson. As far as he is concerned, the more complicated they are the better, but he is able to write about them in an English that is beguilingly plain and suggests a great fund of self-knowledge and detachment. He is able to expound with surprising clarity the surprising obscurity and doublefacedness of our key words. In using such words as "wit," "fool," "honest," "sense" or "sensibility" (to take some of his examples), we are often making implied statements which involve an equation between more than one sense of the word. These socially complicated words often bear the stress of the changing social values of an epoch. Thus, at one point in history, "honest" was linked with knightly ideas of "honour"; later with scrupulous conduct in trade. The play of these and other meanings was used by Shakespeare to achieve the irony of "honest Iago." Literature makes use of the complexity in such words and perhaps helps to bring about, or to stabilise, the changes in attitude that they are used to imply. Mr. Empson's analysis, like that of the dictionary-maker, is based on literary rather than spoken usage. But he is interested above all in those nuances of the literary word which carry over the expressiveness of conversation—in what is left of the heat of the battle in the rapiers after they have been laid aside.

It is important to be clear on what Mr. Empson is (quite explicitly) *not* writing about. He places himself, on page 1, as "a man writing on the borderland of linguistics and literary criticism." Extending the metaphor, psychology is underground; philosophy, if anywhere, is overhead; and the surface of the globe on which the countries lie is the comprehensive study of cultures. It is not part of the author's purpose to dig into the subconscious affiliations of words; to establish their philosophical connotation or lack of it; or to explore their sociological *ambiance*. He does not dispute the worthwhileness of doing these things (though philosophers *may* be wasting their time), but his own interest is in complexity of a particular sort. One cannot sum him up without risk of making him sound less many-sided than he is. But it would be true to say that he offers a new method for the study of social values, *via* literature and the dictionary.

A complex word in the sense in which he is discussing it is a kind of knot in the web of language. It is a point at which minds and feelings have got stuck and can be a source of confusion and false doctrine. It can also become, when shaken out, a point of departure for new critical thinking about key topics; and in loosening the knot we may refresh our capacity for spontaneous feelings, appropriate to our time and circumstances. When Shakespeare exploited the confusions in the word "fool," or when Jane Austen wrote a novel about the complementariness of "sense" and "sensibility," they enriched not only the language but the modality of everyday action and emotion. The Empsonian analysis does the same sort of thing at a more conscious and systematic level. It is not merely about words, but about man, society and nature. This book is full of acute observations which are only superficially about words: in effect, they are about what Matthew Arnold called "life."

This linguistic analysis is not offered as a substitute for literature, but the suggestion is that it is literature *plus* criticism that can get us unstuck. This comes out clearly in a masterly chapter on Wordsworth's use of the word "sense," especially in the *Prelude*. This use, says Mr. Empson, plays a trick on us by implying that we can accept simultaneously the incompatible philosophies of associationism and idealism. There is at the same time a "hidden denial" that the word might mean "sensuality." The tangle of meanings has been influential in spite of—perhaps because of—its inconsistency. In teasing it out, Mr. Empson unquestionably leaves the situation less complicated than he found it, and enables us to look coolly at the Wordsworthian deception. Yet even so, he ends up by saying that "the result makes very good poetry, and probably suggests important truths."

Words are so obviously big a subject that there is some danger they might come to form the basis for a separate group of "sciences," each with its professor, each able to specialise endlessly, and each out of touch with the others, let alone with allied branches of knowledge or activity. Mr. Empson, by adopting a "borderland" position, avoids this possible trend to a modern scholasticism. The only limitation I can see in his position is his self-denying ordinance about looking at words in terms of their symbolic depth. But he says quite reasonably that he is doing enough in mapping the small patch available to consciousness.

CHARLES MADGE

THE NAIL-FILE OF HENRY JAMES

Literary Britain. Photographed by BILL BRANDT, with an introduction by JOHN HAYWARD. *Cassell.* 45s.

"Literary associations" are something of a faint, enfeebled substitute for venerated relics. Religious magic in a jewelled reliquary around St. Patrick's shin or St. Piran's head, art magic in Jane Austen's reticule, Wordsworth's walking stick or the nail-file of Henry James. Dilute the magic a little more, and surrounding the shrine you have the scenery, Thomas Hardy Land or Walter Scott Land. Even particular novel land or poem land—the Doone Valley or Grongar Hill. "Don't you dare come home to Missouri," an American teenager of my acquaintance was told by her teacher this spring (they had been doing Gray's Elegy), "without you've been to Stoke Poges." She obeyed; and I am tempted to send her my review copy of Mr. Brandt's hundred literary photographs. Gray's mould'ring heaps are there, wedged between Mrs. Gaskell's Knutsford and Hardy's Stonehenge.

Who was it compiled a mid-Victorian "Haunts and Homes of the English Poets"? The book was decorated with scrawly woodcuts by or in the style of Birkett Foster. Mr. Brandt, an able photographer, has done it again, with fewer words, wider selection, better illustration and a brisker cunning. The photographs which are best *ad hoc* demand that you know the writings and the character of the writer. The content of association is critical and expandible. It is a compact image. Right hand page, the facade of the Reform Club, striped awnings keeping out the sun, plane-tree leaves and pom-poms silhouetted on the stone. Left hand page, Henry James and an extract from the *Notebooks*:

> The Club question had become serious and difficult; a club was indespensable, but I had, of course, none of my own. . . . At last, I forget exactly when, I was elected to the Reform; I think it was about April 1878. . . . This was an excellent piece of good fortune, and the Club has ever since been, to me, a convenience of the first order. I could not have remained in London without it, and I have become extremely fond of it, a deep local attachment.

Critical contrariwise (I hope), on the right hand page you find a nooky home photographed through the lupins and oxeyes of an herbaceous border. Lawn, deck chairs, arbour, diamond panes, dormer windows, tiled roof. Contemplate it long enough and you will hear on the other side a sleek car halting at the front door. A minute later, home county characters, young, of both sexes, out of Noel Coward or Cecil Roberts, will sink gaily into the deckchairs. Honey for tea. It is the Old Vicarage, Grantchester. It is the young Apollonic profile of Rupert Brooke; preceded by wind-straightened grass, pockets of hail and a black, swift, heavily filtered sky, standing for Emily Brontë. Stimulating, too, are the conjoined brick house where D. H. Lawrence was born to a collier's wife and the green seclusion of Garsington Manor where Lawrence lived for a while at the invitation of Lady Ottoline Morrell; or for Crabbe, a Peter Grimes trudging the Aldeburgh shingle and reflected below in a tide pool.

Mr. Brandt does slide into the tricky, the obvious or the inept. Birnam Wood approaches Dunsinane, or rather the mock mediaeval turrets of Glamis Castle. Positively intended, this is no more Shakespeare than a memento would be out of a gift shop in Stratford. The Pilgrim's Way which the pilgrims never trod, has nothing to do with Chaucer, and the cottage at Felpham has little to do with the inside of Blake. Greta Hall is inept for Coleridge, a farmhand ploughing at Clunbury is too obvious for Housman, and the walls of Kelmscott catch far less of William Morris than a stretch of the Thames below the Manor house would have done, or the inside of Kelmscott church.

For sheer photography Mr. Brandt scores about thirty-five winners out of a hundred. The best of them are the ones least affined to the stock ways of composing a landscape from Turner or Constable down to Munnings or Lamorna Birch. But such stock composition is what pictorial editors demand.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

LI PO

The Poetry and Career of Li Po. By ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

This book belongs to a new series called Ethical and Religious Classics of East and West. The editors aim "to place the chief ethical and religious masterpieces of the world, both Christian and non-Christian, within easy reach of the intelligent reader who is not necessarily an expert." In including this volume they deviate from this laudable purpose. Li Po was no paragon. It is because the "mountain-peaks can only be recognised by looking at the foot-hills" that he is rather diffidently included among the saints.

But though he keeps strange company, Li Po is well worth knowing for his own sake. He lived during the T'ang dynasty, a great poet and winebibber in an age famous for poets and winebibbers. For one of his class and education the normal career was the Civil Service, but Li never succeeded in obtaining a post. He never even took the examinations. This may have been because he thought that his outstanding talents would recommend him to the Emperor without the arduous necessity of satisfying the examiners or, as Mr. Waley suggests, because he doubted his ability to remain sober throughout the ordeal. Despite his talents and his consciousness of them he spent only a few years at the Capital, where he was employed, as Mr. Waley says, "to attend the outings and festivities of the Court and celebrate them in verse." Slander, or possibly his habitual

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drunkenness, brought about his fall from grace, and it was not until five years before his death that his talents were again recognised. Then he found himself acting in a similar capacity to the wrong side in civil war. Because of this escapade his last years were clouded by imprisonment and exile.

Whether to seek inspiration or for its own sake, he was, as we have indicated, overfond of the wine-cup. Many stories were told of his drunken exploits and of the dexterity with which he wrote verses while intoxicated. But despite his conviviality a contemporary wrote that "his real friends were the rivers and hills, the clouds and the moonlight." Along with a feeling for the splendid permanence of such works of Nature went a consciousness of the transitoriness of human life. This haunts his verse, which is full of the sentiment expressed in the lines:

> Let us make merry, get something in our own day
> To set against the pity of ages still unborn.

This sentiment may not be to our taste. We are in the Greek tradition; they generalised their misfortunes and wept for the whole fate of mankind. We may prefer such pathos to Li's more egotistical sorrowings and his frantic desire to escape the rapacity of time. But the Chinese, who are entitled to the first opinion, have commonly regarded him as their greatest poet.

Mr. Waley has never paid as much attention to Li Po as to Po Chü-i, whom he treated in an admirable biography two years ago. Li's poetic merit lies in form as much as in content, so he has naturally found him more difficult to put before the English-speaking public. But in this little book he provides us with a charming sketch of the poet's life, liberally coloured with translations from his poetry. Previous accounts both in English and Chinese have been crammed with legend and stock episode. We are told of his precociousness and youthful mastery of the Classics, the early recognition of his talents by the perspicacious, and the extravagent courtesy of his reception by the Emperor. Even the legend about his death has been generally accepted until recent times; he is said to have fallen from a boat and drowned in a drunken attempt to embrace the moon. This story nicely reflects the poet's character, but it strains credulity, especially as we have record of a more sober version of his passing. Mr. Waley has had to rummage through the sources to find more reliable material than this, and not the least merit of his work is that he has been able to do this and still present a polished and unruffled front to the reader. Mr. Waley also introduces us briefly to a number of eccentric characters whose further acquaintance we would relish both for their good company and for the light they throw on a strange and intriguing civilisation. Among others there are Huai-i, who "became successively Court favourite, monk, master-builder, forger and field-marshal," and Sun T'ai-ch'ung, "a super-alchemist who claimed to be able to make the Elixir of Life without using any of the usual ingredients," for, "given that no drug does exist which confers immortality, interest in elixirs could only be stimulated by improvements in the technique of advertisement and showmanship."

Mr. Waley's work makes criticism seem churlish. He has no predecessor and no rival. His latest book is fit to stand alongside those others which have given him his unique position in the world of letters. His scholarship is as near to the impeccable as one has any right to expect, and he has a sure control of his pen. There is no superfluous explanation to make one feel he doubts the reader's intelligence, and no superfluous moralising to make one feel he doubts the reader's judgment. It is refreshing nowadays to read a book about China which does not put her in the dock; for although Mr. Waley does draw analogies with our own times in slightly ridiculous subjects, like methods of recruiting for the Civil Service, he never makes invidious comparisons between Europe and China. The whole book is informed with a mature wit given nicely phrased expression, a wit which shows itself at its most mischievous in the very writing of a book about such a man for such a series.

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PATTI THE NEXT BEST THING

The Record Guide. By EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST and DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR. *Collins*. 30*s*.

"Guide, sir?" Over our English faces a shutter falls instantly. Pretend not to hear. Walk away. A guide—how touristy! But in a moment we are regretting it; the monument is so dauntingly large. Music, not to say speech (and to-day we shall learn that one can get a complete *Death of a Salesman* on LP) has been being recorded for half a century, half as long as photography. Yet, believe it or not, this is the first guide to recorded music ever published in this country (unlike the States). So turn back. It was all only a joke. For these guides are not Guides in *that* sense. Indeed you know them well. Readers of this journal will not have to be told what good company they are. Even if, like one elder music critic, you will not permit "that unspeakable thing" (a gramophone) inside your house, you will enjoy Desmond and Eddy in duet, the two best music critics of our time, experienced (they have been reviewing and collecting records for 16 years), above all readable and stimulating. The one is fastidious, sometimes a low elegiac moan escapes him; the other, *sempre allegro*, sparkles on the top line. If better, more concise or penetrating notes on composers are to be found, I know not where they be.

But at the very start of our tour, a disappointment: the mausoleum, where we spy piles of pink Pattis, Mapleson cylinders and Christabel Pankhurst's "Rush the House of Commons Speech," is to remain locked. We are only to see over the modern part. This is, in fact, a list not necessarily complete of the best records available to the ordinary purchaser *at this moment* in England—and while you have been reading that, the invaluable book will, alas, be just a fraction further out of date. For out of date, strictly, it already is; must be, in view of the ever shifing stocks. This was inevitable, will be corrected by regular revisions, and does not dim our admiration that so much should have been netted at one go.

Notice, please, that it is not exhaustive in aim; only what the compilers deem worthy or indeed worthiest is included. The odd, the various, the splendid but obsolete, the cheaper alternative may get in *en passant*, but what you are supposed to do is to look up the *composer*, when you will be guided as to what represents him best on wax. A splendid tear may fall for some famous deletion; a sigh of vexation here and there, a hopeful hint of what "we should welcome." But usually it sticks to its plan; the one preferable record, or set, and no mention, necessarily, of other versions, defunct *or still alive*.

I quite see why this had to be so—the book were twenty times thicker else, whereas now it is manageable, clear and easy to read. Yet I regret. Comparisons are the lifeblood of discophily; a little selecting, agreed, is good. Imagination boggles at (say) all the *Che Gelidas*, with appropriate markings and a "worst available" at the tail. But with so much taste and talent on tap, it is agonising not to know what to think of certain quite plausible alternatives. I do not mean the mood is never comparative; all I wish is it were so more often. Even if this meant doing without some scarce known composer's entry and his one (special order) representative disc. Still, the asterisk game, on the principle of Michelin (or *** tomb of Baedeker) adds great interest. The coveted Long Crichel Star is, some may think, capriciously awarded now and then but not at any time carelessly.

That strange journal *The Radio Times*, reviewing this book twixt soap and laxative, opines that "discophiles are likely to fasten on the book with a whoop of joy." Whoop of anger, rather. It is exactly those who know or think they know most about records who will gird at this work's self-imposed limitations and judgments. What, a star for Tino Rossi! What, not a word about Melba!

Those (the majority, I fear) who collect records by artist—and every disc jockey knows the letter which begins, "as myself and my husband do not care for any records except Miss Hammond's, kindly play . . . and oblige"—may be put off their stroke. And it is an A B C rather than a Bradshaw. But for anyone who has just won a football pool and proposes to start a library (or *discothèque*), it is essential. If only because it will save him pounds of maddening guesswork. And even if you have no money for records, it is a delightful Musical Companion. These authors know that all listening to gramophone records is largely a question of a personal, audible illusion—hence, a bad record which *you* like is better than a good record you don't. But they are firm if kind. You will not find the Foster Jenkins records, or negro choral versions of slow movements from symphonies, nor Spanish boy choristers nor a hundred other delights (which "exist" even if not available in the exact sense used at Crichel). To be sure there is an entry "Odds and Ends," which shows Delia Murphy and Bétove, though this is perhaps the least happy page, but you will encounter in your (I guarantee) delighted reading many delicious titbits, ranging from an extract from the late Herman Klein's "All-of-a-sudden Carmen" to some curiously unchecked fancies about *Casanova* (easy to check, it ran months at the Coliseum). There are occasional giggles; occasional squabbles involving initials and loquiturs as on a holiday postcard, and an occasional tut-tut.

But too few! For really the behaviour of the gramophone companies (so often, it turns out, the same company in a hydra) is monstrous. All issuing the same work at once. And the slaughter of great records is appalling. It is scarcely credible what, for instance, has happened to

Elizabeth Schumann and other incomparables. One feels as one felt about the bombing of Rome. Inevitable, one's own fault, even just; but can nothing be done to stop it? Surely there are higher claims? Suppose you went to the Tate Gallery and were told "Sorry, sir, we've had to pulp all them Turner watercolours; no public demand, storage space, etc., etc. . . ." This guide should alert public opinion as to what is happening. But it will do much else; it will remind you how much can still be hoped from Special Order, as well as what you have lost already. About specialist dealers, speeds, Long Playing, dating by numbers, it is extremely helpful, and if you want a quick idea of the sort of help it will give you look up Tschaikowsky; F minor symphony. Or the entry on Bax. Or Schubert (worth a book on that composer). But do not, equally, be dismayed if *your* favourite is ignored or listed (as can happen) with a Crichel proviso "not recommended to persons of austere taste." For another time, if there is one, these delightful cicerones must be encouraged to be more, not less critical. Meanwhile this is a wonderful piece of work, compact of patience, wisdom, knowledge of the most practical sort and a short cut to taste for the hero of our times, the common man; O monumento!

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

ARCS OF THOUGHT

The Birth of Civilisation in the Near East. By HENRI FRANKFORT. *Williams & Norgate.* 16s.

This short, exhilarating book condenses and clarifies ideas which have already been expressed in *The Intellectual Adventure of Ancient Man* and Dr. Frankfort's other well-known works on the Near Eastern civilisations. It is composed of one chapter discussing theories of world history followed by three where historical theory is exemplified in comparative studies of the first emergence of civilisation in Mesopotamia and in Egypt.

Dr. Frankfort undertakes to catch in his searchlight that most elusive thing, the living individuality of a civilisation, the private inspiration informing all its parts from the humblest to the most exalted. If we substitute "civilisation" for "period," Whitehead has stated the matter to perfection:

> In each period there is a general form of the forms of thought; and, like the air we breathe, such a form is so translucent, and so pervading, and so seemingly necessary, that only by extreme effort can we become aware of it.

Dr. Frankfort calls this unifying spirit the "form" of a civilisation, but he would not separate it from the associated dynamic, the development of the culture in ways which must always remain true to the "form."

Among historians who have studied the genesis of civilisation Dr. Frankfort recognises that Spengler had the keenest apprehension of these "forms." It was he, indeed, who accused professional historians of seeing world history in "the image of a tape-worm which tirelessly puts forth period after period," while he himself saw each culture as a self-contained entity with a life cycle as predetermined as that of a flowering plant. Toynbee, who inevitably invites comparisons as a delineator of "forms," is dominated by images of mankind driving along a one-way street or climbing up a cliff towards a summit. Dr. Frankfort denounces both their "mythologies" in the strongest terms, attributing the errors he sees in Spengler to conceit, lack of experience and a misapplication of biological concepts, those of Toynbee mainly to his failure to make the "extreme effort" needed to clear his vision from the assumptions of nineteenth-century Europe.

Although it is too static for a growing civilisation, Dr. Frankfort finds himself more in sympathy with the outlook of Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*, where each culture appears as an arc selected from the complete circle of the modes of existence possible to mankind. So sharp and peculiar is this selection that every culture "from the point of view of another ignores fundamentals and exploits irrelevancies." To apprehend the internal consistency of the "arcs" the historian must think of them, as R. G. Collingwood says, "with enough sympathy and insight to reconstruct their experience for himself" accepting each as "a form of life having its own problems, to be judged by its success in solving those problems and no others. . . . Bach was not trying to write like Beethoven and failing."

After this exciting first chapter, where the ideas of so many of the giants of historical thought are ably and purposively handled, it is unavoidable that there should be a sense of dropping to a lower level when we come to the practical application of the established theory. Nevertheless the link between theory and practice is strongly wrought. Prehistorians and ancient historians, suffering, perhaps, from the tapeworm infection, have made quantitative statements about the material conditions necessary for the emergence of civilisation as though it were an automatic and always similar process of evolution. By contrasting Mesopotamian with Egyptian "forms" and showing how each was suddenly brought to birth with its distinctive quality already inherent, Dr. Frankfort exposes the insufficiency of the evolutionary interpretation.

In Mesopotamia, where natural conditions had a dangerous instability, men saw themselves at the mercy of an incalculable power. The resulting insecurity seems to have encouraged them to develop theocratic socialism in city states, where all citizens were equal because they were equally the slaves of the ruling god. The temple official administered every detail of the lives of the peoples, and art, architecture and written records all came into being in the service of the city deities.

In the Nile valley nature was far safer and more calculable than in Mesopotamia, but otherwise civilisation was provided with the same cradle of a fertile and naturally renewed soil. Yet the birth was quite different. Cities remained unimportant in the political organisation of Egypt; instead the whole land was united under the central rule of Pharaoh, who was not the representative of a god, but the god himself. He was thus the unique and absolute ruler whose human deeds were commemorated in a way hardly known in the religious art of Mesopotamia. The title King of the Two Lands (of Upper and Lower Egypt) did not express a political reality so much as the pervading Egyptian idea of "totality as an equilibrium of opposites," a conception leading to the static ideal of *maat*, the perfect world order in which all individuals could achieve rightness by a strict conformity.

The author shows very effectively how the essential dissimilarity of the two valley civilisations is only emphasised by the fact that the Sumerians influenced the Egyptians during their most formative period; those influences out of harmony with the innate Egyptian "form" were dropped, while the others were at once adapted to suit its own ideal.

Many people may feel that although Dr. Frankfort does not go nearly so far towards creating a "mythology" as Spengler and Toynbee, yet the mark of his personal imagination is strong on his interpretations of history. But if they do feel this, they may still believe, as the reviewer does, that a personal vision is as right as it is inevitable; if the historian does not shape his pies and castles from the multitudinous sands of past events, then the past will look very much like a desert. However this may be, Dr. Frankfort has certainly done his best to enter into the being of his two civilisations and to convey to us something of the quality of experience of their peoples. It is surely one of the prime duties of an ancient historian, this widening of consciousness through vicarious experience, and it is one which very few are able or willing to perform.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

NEW NOVELS

The West Pier. By PATRICK HAMILTON. *Constable.* 12s. 6d.

When Kings are Arming. By DENIS GODFREY. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Song Without Sermon. By JAMES WOOLF. *Alvin Redman.* 10s. 6d.

Killers who capture the popular imagination, such as Haigh or Neville Heath, can generally count on having their lives serialized in the Sun-

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THE BODLEY HEAD

day papers once they have been brought to justice. The ugly childhood, the cramped adolescence, the first flowering of criminal impulse—each step to the noose is recounted in detail and with relish. The most disapproving reader finds it hard to resist such narratives. His eye eagerly devours the columns of clipped two-sentence paragraphs with their complement of gruesome illustrations—clotted blood on a sports-jacket, the Bungalow at Mumbles. A Bride in the Bath (reconstructed *à la* Spilsbury), the façade of a Kensington hotel or the late Sir Edward Marshall-Hall in his wig. At last, in the sixth week of the serial, comes the pay-off, the ultimate and shattering *catharsis*.

Mr. Hamilton, realising that a potential Tyburn mob shrills in each of his readers, has lifted crime reportage to the level of fiction. His new novel is the first of what is destined to be a series chronicling the life of such a character.

> There is [he writes] a sort of man . . . who, returning from military service in distant parts of the earth, does not announce his arrival to his relations. Instead of this, he will tramp, or hitch-hike, his way to his home, and in the early hours of the morning will be heard gently throwing pebbles up at his wife's bedroom window. . . . We feel that the poisoner Neil Cream, the bath-murderer George Smith, and many others of a similar way of thinking, belong to this type.

Ernest Ralph Gorse certainly does. A monster risen from the blended pages of *Struwelpeter* and Lombroso, his creator is content to do little more in the present instalment than give him his first push towards the Old Bailey. He shows us Gorse at his private day school—the setting is Brighton before the first world war—torturing his white mice, puncturing his neighbours' bicycles and furtively organizing a pogrom in the changing room. The rest of the book describes his first, successful adult escapade—the enticing away of a young girl's savings. We leave Gorse, taciturn and satanic, speeding along the London Road, "to his very curious destination in life."

Mr. Hamilton writes readably and with immense verve. He has a flair for rendering puerile dialogue—the inane exchanges of schoolboys and the period "necking" preliminaries of 1922. His characters are simply yet effectively drawn and the wronged girl, Esther, despite the conventional way in which she is portrayed, possesses a pathos and dignity that are moving. Yet the author's method has the drawbacks as well as the advantages of the source from which it derives. Mr. Hamilton carries his cat-and-mouse game with his heroine on for far too long and fails to bring Gorse himself properly to life. The ogre remains a composite scissors-and-paste figure, made up of newspaper library cuttings. Mr. Hamilton is as fond of moral truisms as Thackeray and he sometimes manages to be as noisily facetious as his own characters. He also has that maddening bi-focal trick common to writers who are over concerned with plot—"If she could deceive others, could she not deceive herself? (In thinking thus, Esther conveniently overlooked her own deception.)" A third-rate novel in a first-rate state of fermentation.

Mr. Godfrey's book is a great deal more ambitious in its intentions than *The West Pier* and succeeds less to that extent. Set in wartime Dublin, the book is concerned with the impact of neutral Ireland on two English students at Trinity College. God's Englishman faced by the moral (or amoral) challenge of foreign parts is a favourite island folk-theme; it has inspired fiction as varied as Mr. Connolly's *The Rock Pool* and Alice Perrin's *Black Sheep*. Mr. Godfrey has tacked the situation onto the legend of the Good and Bad Apprentice. For Hugh, the hard-working scholarship student, Ireland is a land of mystery and romance, a distraction from Finals which must be approached gingerly and with Protestant circumspection. Ruins and scenery are safest; the best recipe for a broken heart is a long bicycle ride in the Wicklow Hills. For David, Eire is a temptress, a forcing-ground for demoralization. At home, in Cornwall, he is just another carefree undergraduate. Once beside the Liffey he becomes an urban beachcomber; he steals books, borrows money and forgets to return it, goes about unshaven, duns his mother for pocket-money and falls hopelessly in love with a Madonna-like siren named Drina. (The latter may safely be said to be far and away the coldest woman in English fiction.)

Despite all his efforts, Mr. Godfrey cannot conceal Hugh's old-maidishness from the reader. Even Sean O'Casey at the Abbey Theatre disturbs him ("their laughter, hard, abrupt, unpitying, exploding about his ears like gunfire, drove Hugh unsmiling even deeper into himself"). Ireland, for all Englishmen, is dangerous ("Drink, too long, too deep, and who could tell what deterioration, what eventual horror, physical or spiritual, might not ensue?") It is left to David to put this theory into practice. After suffering every kind of absent-minded humiliation at the hands of Drina, he goes to England to join up and returns, a deserter, to bring the book to a melodramtic finish.

When Kings Are Arming is one of those novels in which good and bad are hopelessly intermixed. Though the atmosphere of wartime Dublin and one or two incidents in David's embarrassing courtship succeed admirably, the very fluency of Mr. Godfrey's writing interposes a barrier of literary wooliness between his characters and the reader. Yet this book is a noble and worth-while failure. When its author has achieved greater discipline over his material and mastered his emotional outlook, he will be on the way to becoming a good novelist.

Described on its jacket as "a modern rake's progress," *Song Without Sermon* tells the story of a ner'e-do-well named Henry. It begins well and its first chapters have a certain mordancy and savage wit. Alas, Mr. Woolf soon moves his hero to W.1. Once in Grosvenor Square, his book goes downhill as fast as Henry, disintegrating into a set of stagily predictable situations. Women ("You're very young ducks, not more than sixteen, I should say . . ."), Dissipation ("You promised," Derek muttered, white faced, "you gave your solemn word it was all over . . ."), Cards ("We'll play four pound rises flat if that's agreeable to everyone") and Cannes ("What a gay, giddy life we lead, don't we?") accomplish Henry's downfall, leaving him permanently in the grip of a harpy named Ada ("I'll let you know when I'm ready for you to go down to dinner").

JOHN RAYMOND

THE STUDY OF ORIGINS

The Physical Basis of Life. By J. D. BERNAL. *Routledge.* 6*s.*

Professor Bernal's Guthrie lecture is an attempt to give an account of the origin of life and is one of many signs of a return of scientific interest to questions of origin and history. Since the hypotheses that he puts forward are in principle capable of experimental verification the lecture is in effect a plea for a sustained attempt to make life. That such a case can be seriously made by a physicist emphasises the possibilities that are emerging from the combination of physical with biological science.

In the period after the first formation of the earth, when life presumably arose, the composition of the atmosphere and the waters was certainly quite different from that found at present. The atmosphere contained little oxygen, but large amounts of hydrogen compounds, such as marsh gas and ammonia. These, dissolved in water, could well have provided the raw materials from which the earliest living substance was formed as a weak solution in the sea. In addition, because of the absence of oxygen from the atmosphere, large amounts of ultra-violet light reached the earth's surface and provided the energy for reactions that would not now occur outside the laboratory. "It is almost certain that this would have led to the production of organic compounds such as are found in living things."

In order to explain how individual creatures could have arisen out of these first weak solutions, Professor Bernal calls upon his knowledge of the behaviour of sticky colloidal solutions, such as the clays. He shows how the organic substances may have become concentrated by adsorption into clay or sand particles and thus, from being a solution, life passed to the state of a slime at the edges or bottom of the seas.

Without minimising the difficulties, he then proceeds to follow the process through all the critical steps up to the production of higher animals and man. The treatment is sketchy, but it is in principle complete. No one has yet been able to use these ideas to make life. Professor Bernal does not press the corollary that this is possible, nor does he even mention the immense technical revolution that it would produce.

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Not long ago it was fashionable for biochemists and other advanced biologists to ridicule evolutionary studies as old-fashioned and without practical value. It is satisfactory to see that a return to the study of origins by biophysicists is producing hypotheses that are not only fascinating intellectually but also fruitful in suggestions for practical investigations which may be more revolutionary than any that science has yet produced. J. Z. YOUNG

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,123

Set by Richard Lister

A friend you rather like sends you a copy of his new book which you rather dislike. The usual prizes are offered for your letter acknowledging it (in which you must indicate the title and nature of the book). Limit 150 words. Entries by September 11th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,120

Set by Peter Pimlico

Prizes are offered for a poem, affectionate, nostalgic or satirical, on any British or Continental holiday resort. Not more than 24 lines.

Report by Peter Pimlico

A large entry, with the satirical verses on the whole much the poorest. Echoes of Mr. Betjeman's subtle blend of nostalgia and satire were rare and unsuccessful, the best being D. H. Cushing's *Lowestoft*. Of the very few Italian places celebrated I liked Pat Bullen's lines on Positano (" We had a nice view while we had ravioli "), but the verse wasn't quite good enough. Nearer home, Graeme Wilson produced some effective Chesterton on Pelvis Bay. Too many of the affectionate or nostalgic poems, I felt, might have come out of official guide-books or were the equivalents of picture post-cards of famous beauty spots. I was after something more personal, which I found in the entries of Elaine Morgan, though she let herself down badly with her last line, Elisabeth Lister, R. S. Jaffray, and " Bram "; among whom, together with L. G. Udall, the prize money will be divided.

BARRY ISLAND

The dirty trains run shouting down the valley;
The Baptist children, bound for Paradise,
Bounce on the red plush seats ecstatically,
Or gaze in wonder at the widening skies.

WAY OUT : the sandals thunder down the gangway,
Scuffle the sandy pavement blissfully.
The fair ! ! . . . The deacons shout, " No—that's the wrong way—
Down to the right." The sea ! The sea ! The sea !

The pennies dwindle in the little purses ;
Someone has climbed for winkles on a rock—
His envied graze is bandaged by the nurses.
Bethel has booked its tea for five o'clock.

" Last dip "—the patched clothes pile up on the sand;
The children caper, drunk with so much sky.
They wade waist-deep, and bending hand in hand,
They kiss the sunlit waves a year's goodbye.

All that was long ago, but still to-day
The trains roar down, the Island casts its spell.
And yet last week I heard a woman say,
" A *dreadful* place." I hope she rots in hell.

ELAINE MORGAN

CANNES

Has the white twilight sea yet rusted the oleanders ?
Is the pale sand still heavy and warm upon the idle palm ?
Are the iced buildings like mausoleums behind the plane-trees
Still waiting the tired return of old habitués ?
And are the white faces of all those strolling newcomers
Still held after dark by the lights from the lamp posts,
Waiting like worn out gigolos between the cross-shadowing branches ?
City, for me, of young disillusioned loving,
Does the black water still suck at the piers of the Summer Casino
With the desolate clapping of small wet hands beneath the stanchions,
Applauding all night the croupiers' pale indifference ?
And does the dance music still linger in patches out over the water
Where the moon, heavy with child and full of seductive beauty,
Is languidly poised on a slack tight-rope slung from the promontories ?
Don't be deceived by her clowning !
She's in league with this ravishing city
To alter men's hearts and to make them porous.
She's the same as you see on those ordinary mundane Mondays,
That small high mah-in-the-moon with the vacant expression . . .
Don't be deceived by the palm-trees,
By the bare-footed fishermen waiting outside the florists,
Or the raucous and sweetened grasping and giving of pleasure !
Rather know that this town beneath all her subtle disguises
Is just another collection of houses grown up by the sea-shore.

ELIZABETH LISTER

DOVER

Dover
Was where Victorians went when summer term was over.
There were distractions as a rule,
And anyhow it was better than school.

Punch
Was supposed to be applauded before lunch.
I usually affected to laugh,
But was too fearful of him by half.

Rock
Was what itinerant vendors had in stock.
I was never given enough
(Wisely) of that vulgar stuff.

Mokes
Were variously ridden by all sorts of blokes ;
When the surcingle, loose, slipped around
I was admired for keeping off the ground.

France
Was a foreign inimical land, far away, but a glance
Showed you unbelievable churches
And houses like parrots on perches.

Home
Was exactly the same as before, but to return
As you had done, gave it new delights
Comparable to the Arabian Nights.

R. S. JAFFRAY

PORTHCAWL 1948

I remember Porthcawl through its laughter,
The free-hearted humour of families
Enjoying better times in the Valleys
With their men idle that day on pleasure ;
Welsh voices laughing against the gentle
Noise of a sober sea, peals, shrieks and gay
Half-heard chatterings, breeze-borne like bubbles.

I recall, too, the bodies of children,
Round in limb, lithe, darting, quick as minnows,
Their stomachs tight now with ice-cream, choc'late
And all manner of startling, sticky mixtures.
Amused, I watched the zest of stripped youths at
Play, their miners' great arm-strength hurling balls
And their eyes looking at young Welsh women.

The Past, I saw still quietly there, fixed
In the resting, older faces and in
The gasping, slow walk of men whose dust-blacked
Lungs were humble monuments, enshrining
The sacrifice of a generation.

Yet I found no bitterness at the dead
Conditions, just relief at their passing,
And content that young-love's full-eyed glances
Should not be dimmed with the bygone prospects,
Nor dread the children's hungry crying in the night.

" BRAM "

BOURNEMOUTH

Beneficently enfolding
The end days of manufacturers
In gnarled hands holding
The silken threads of their businesses,

Courteously entertaining
Retired senior civil servants,
And when it is raining
Providing elegant shopping arcades.

Thus, southerly, We stand.
In the long hot days of June
We admit, tolerantly, to our golden sand
The less offensive sections of the hoi polloi.

Tree infiltrated and surrounded,
Magnificent villas, luxurious hotels
Lounge in the chines, cliff bounded,
Very expensive—but the rates are kept firmly down.

Smiling upon the Arts,
Painting, *decent* stuff mind you,
Music—yes we've lost Schwartz,
Our conductor you know—but not disagreeably.

Not here the horrid jars
Of political rumpuses or even inebriety
But solid prosperity, big cars
And tea in palm courts or on private lawns.

L. G. UDALL

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CHESS: A Game for Idle Gentlewomen

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ADD, too, for "soldiers in garrison and courtiers that have nought but love matters to busy themselves about," these too being singled out by Robert Burton (in his "Anatomy of Melancholy") as suitable addicts to our game. I could also give this "centenary" article a more dramatic headline, such as *Conqueror Chucks Board at Dauphin*, since in support of his claim that Chess is "a testy choleric game and very offensive to him that loseth the mate," Burton reports that young William when losing to the Prince of France "knocked the chessboard about his pate which was a cause of much enmity between them." When he wrote that "in Muscovy where they live in stoves and hothouses all winter long and come seldom abroad, Chess is very necessary and therefore much used," Burton did not seem to envisage world championships three-and-a-half centuries later, for he added that "at Fez in Africa where the like inconvenience of keeping within doors is through heat, it is very laudable and as much frequented." Those of us who are neither gentlewomen nor lovesick courtiers will be glad to hear that Burton also recommends the game for all those "who are idle and have extravagant impertinent thoughts, or troubled with cares; nothing better to distract their minds and alter their meditations." But in quoting his injunction that Chess is "not altogether so convenient for such as are students," I do not wish to discourage our ardent young competitors at Oxford, Cambridge, and other seats of learning.

A: P. Willmann, 1949

As for *this* week's competition that round figure at the top may provide an excuse for delving into the distant past. But here, first, is an almost brand-new piece admittedly modelled on ancient lines. It is a 5-mover with at least four different solutions, and competitors can earn 3 ladder-points for each of them. But the interesting point about this is that, while similar ideas were favoured by such fairly recent composers as Loyd, Kling, and Shinkman, we have to go back much further than that to look for the basic idea.

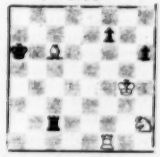
When glancing at the next diagrams readers may wonder why the B is lying flat on his back. But he isn't a Bishop, he is his ancestor, the *Alfil*, a mere two-stepper on the diagonal, or more precisely a two-hopper; for the *Alfil* on his short journeys shared the Knight's privilege of jumping when there happened to be an obstacle. Undeterred by this strange and ancient chessman competitors should find an easy 4 points in **B**, a simple 3-mover. As for **C** this may be a little more difficult, because it is a 5-mover with the additional condition that the mate is to occur on K5. Even so, competitors will hardly find it under-rated with 5 points. But **D** should be well worth all of 6 points, though it certainly isn't nearly as formidable as it looks. It is an 11-mover with the additional condition that the mate is to be administered by the *Alfil*. This problem, well over a thousand years old, may quite likely be the really "basic" conception of what, for want of a better name, we might call the *pirouette* idea. Having presumably had quite enough by now of this sentimentally motivated excursion to whimsies of the distant past, competitors may well crave the solid food of an honest modern endgame study. Nothing, surely, could serve this purpose better than a study composed within living memory by a great master of this as well as the last century. Troitsky's subtle piece—White to win—should be well worth 8 ladder-points, thereby bringing the optimum to be garnered this week up to 35.

B: Bonus Socius, 14th Century

C: Ladschladsch, 10th Century

D: Ancient Arabian problem

E: A. A. Troitsky, 1934



Usual prizes. Entries by September 10.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 11

A: (1) K-B7, K-R2; (2) R-R1, K-R3; (3) K-B6, K-R4; (4) K-B5, K-R5; (5) K-B4, K-R6; (6) KxP, K-R7; (7) K-K2, K-Kt7; (8) R-KB1, etc.

B: *Key*: B-Q8, followed by Q-K7. If (1) . . . Rx B; (2) Kt-K8.

C: (1) P-Kt3, R-KKt1; (2) R-QKt4, P-Kt5 (forced); (3) R-Kt1, R-Kt4 ch; (4) KxP, R-Kt3 ch; (5) K-B7, P-Q7; (6) P-R4, P queens; (7) RxQ, R-KB3 ch †; (8) K-Kt7, R-B4; (9) R-QKt1, K-Kt4; (10) R-Kt6, followed by R-Kt5.
if (8) . . . R-Kt3 ch; (9) K-R7. But if (10) R-Kt5 at once, Black can counter P-R4.

The subtleties of C proved quite a stumbling block. Many competitors too fell for the rather obvious temptation B-B6 in B. (It is defeated by (1) . . . B-R6.) Prizes shared by R. W. B. Clarke, M. Kaye, Neil McKelvie, F. A. Rhoden. But no less flawless solutions came from C. Allen, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft.

Vive la poste Française! They have traced the wayward parcel, those much-travelled entries have reached me after all. So here is the belated report on the competition set July 28.

A: (1) Kt-B8, Q-B2; (2) Q-B6 ch, QxQ; (3) R-Kt8 mate.
if (1) . . . Q or R x Kt; (2) R-Kt8 ch, followed by Q-B6.

B: (1) Kt-R6, B-Kt5 ch; (2) K-B7, B-K7; (3) B-Q5, BxKt; (4) BxKP, P-K7; (5) B-R1, B any; (6) BxP mate.

C: *Key*: B-Q1
if (1) . . . P-B6; (2) KtxKtP, PxP; (3) BxP mate.
if (1) . . . PxP; (2) B-K2, P-B6; (3) KtxP mate.

Remarkably few saw the actual line in **A**, but I have allowed others if sufficiently spectacular. Prizes shared by R. C. Bute, S. W. Carter, J. R. Harman, J. J. Kenna. No space to mention all correct entries.

ASSIAC

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UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Applications are invited for the appointment of Lecturer in the Department of Social Study. Candidates should be specially qualified in Social Theory and the Methodology of the Social Sciences. Salary will be £660 × £50 to £800 per annum, with Superannuation Benefit and Family Allowance where applicable. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned with whom applications, giving the names of three referees, should be lodged not later than September 29, 1951. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

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LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Assistant Organiser of children's care work in the Education Officer's Department. The duties are largely concerned with advising and advising voluntary workers in social work in connection with schools. A social science diploma or similar qualification is desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £375 × £25—£500 a year plus an addition of 10 per cent. Senior positions are normally filled by promotion. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (ED/Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), must be returned by Sept. 14, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies.

COUNTY of Cornwall. Applications are invited in respect of the undermentioned appointments for a Boarding Home for Maladjusted Children (girls aged 7-15, boys aged 5-11) to be opened at Pencubitt, Liskeard: Superintendent (Male)—salary £292 × £15—£337 a year, plus residential emoluments valued at £193 a year. Matron—salary £262 × £15—£307 a year, plus residential emoluments valued at £193 a year. Assistant Matron—salary £150 × £15—£180 a year, plus residential emoluments valued at £180 a year. Appointments will be made on the scales shown above, according to age, qualifications and experience. Applicants for the posts of Superintendent and Matron should hold a qualification in either Social Science or Mental Health or be able to give instruction in educational subjects. If possible, they should have had experience of the administration of similar Homes. Application forms may be obtained from the Secretary for Education, County Hall, Truro, to whom the completed form, together with not less than three testimonials, should be forwarded within two weeks of this advertisement. E. T. Verger, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Truro.

HAMPSHIRE. Resident House Mistress required at Red Hatch Remand Home for Girls, Winchester. Capable of supervising household duties and interested in leisure time activities. Salary on the scale £240 × £12—£280 p.a., according to qualifications and experience, plus £52 p.a. for extraneous duties. £78 p.a. will be deducted from salary for board and lodging. Application forms may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

KENT County Council. Children's Department. Working Girls' Hostel, Maidstone. Applications are invited from women for appointments of Superintendent and Matron of a Hostel which will shortly open with accommodation for 22 working girls. Salary for Superintendent £292 × £15 to £337 and for Matron £262 × £15 to £307 a year. Residential emoluments £193 a year each. Application forms on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, should be returned by September 11, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

EDUCATED women under 25 years of age are required for posts as Investigators in the Market Research Department of a large Company of national importance. The minimum educational standard is Higher School Certificate and preference is given to University Graduates, especially in statistics, mathematics, economics, modern languages, and the social sciences. Good health and the ability to make contacts easily with all kinds of people are essential. Ability to drive a car is an advantage. On appointment investigators will undergo a training period of 4/6 months at the Company's Head Office in the North of England and are subsequently expected to reside in Birmingham or Manchester. They must be prepared to travel fairly extensively from their Birmingham or Manchester Headquarters. Applications should give full details of education, Degree or Certificates held and dates taken, and a résumé of business career to date, if applicable.—Box 5496.

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PERSONAL

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BY the time this appears, it will probably be not too early to think about those Christmas presents and photographs by Anthony Panting, at Bryanston till Sept. 1, but after at 5 Paddington St., W.1.

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PERSONAL—*continued*

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TOM Long's the smoke where'er you ride, A good "pull in" by each road side.

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P.P.S. If you are a student, or an ex-student of recent vintage, get on Harold Ingham's mailing list for Ski-parties in Switzerland. Write away right away to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, bread interests. Apply Head Mistress.

KINDERGARTEN Boarding School, 3-8. Activity methods on sound psychological principles. High academic standard. Miss M. Paget, B.A., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Telephone Thanet 62547.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, now owned and run by parents, can offer a few places to the children of progressively-minded people. Apply John Wood, M.A., Sandown Lodge, Worple Road, Epsom.

PAGES School, Heathfield, Sussex. Co-educational. All ages. Exams., Boarding.

PINEHURST, Goudhurst, on the Weald of Kent. A Boarding School for Girls 5-11, and small boys. Farm produce. There are a few vacancies for next term. Apply Principal.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boarders. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal, Ravensbourne 3272.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed. boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.; Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

WHATCOMBE House School, nr. Blandford, Dorset (Boys Preparatory) offers special coaching in small classes with exceptional prospects for common entrance and scholarships. September vacancies.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street" (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaums old & new purchased.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 4923.

NEW White Cotton Pillow Lengths, Superb quality. 3yds. × 38in. each 25s. 6d. Pure White Silk Parachutes, 16 panels, each 36in. × 84in., 4 panels 15s., 8 panels 27s. 6d. Whole Pac. 52s. 6d. Post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

GREAT summer reductions. Parachutes, pure white heavy English silk or primrose nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top, 2 panels 15s., 4 panels 27s. 6d., 8 panels 52s. 6d. New Irish linen lengths. Natural shade, 6yds. × 24in. each 23s. 6d.; 6yds. × 32in. each 25s. New off-white heavy linen lengths. Ideal for furnishings, loose covers, etc. 7in × 27in. apperit., 2 lengths for 22s. 6d. New grey linen boxed mattress cases (box 4½ to 5in.), (a) 6ft. × 2ft. 3in., each 22s. 6d.; (b) 6ft. × 3ft., each 26s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 185), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

PARACHUTES. Nylon. Peach, Rose or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in., 2 panels 20s., 4 panels 37s. 6d., 8 panels 72s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

DON'T Stop Smoking. Try the famous Crescent Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4 ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BORDER Highgate. Freehold detchd. 12-roomed house for sale, lge. gdn., vac. possn. 6 rms., bath., w.c. MOU. 8479.

ATTRACTIVE old house, modernised, 20 mins. W'loo. 5 bds., 3 rec. Ideal 2 fams. or flat conversion. Gdn. Garage. Freehold £3,900/offer. Details MAL. 4142.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Now re-open. Last 2 days 5 & 8. "Right Side Up." Wd. next & evgs., 7. "Saint's Day." Mems. 5s.

UNITY CLUB, 539), Last perfs. of "The Cradle Will Rock." To-night, Sat., Sun., 7.30. "The Germans" open Fri., Sept. 7.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sept. 2, 7.30. "Her Wonderful Lie" (U). (Amer.).

HOLBORN Film Society meets 1st Sunday & 3rd Tuesday of the month from October to May. Programmes include Bicycle Thieves, Martins, The Eagle, Birth of a Nation, Adventures in Bokhara, The Marx Bros. Go West. Hon. Sec., 198 High Holborn, W.C.1.

NEW Era Film Club—Special showing Sat. Sept 8, Beaver Hall, 7.30 p.m. "Without Prejudice"—Based on the real life story of famed Russian anthropologist Mukiukho-Maclay. "Does it Matter What You Think?"—Entertainingly provocative film produced by the British Information Service. "Paradise Lost"—Art film. "Towards August"—Berlin Youth Festival. Members 2s., Guests 2s. 6d. This and details A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

FILM Soc.—North London Co-op. Film Soc. presents: D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World," on September 13. Season includes: "Song of Ceylon," "Panique," "Partie de Campagne," "Hamnstad," "Idee," "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "Night Mail," "End of St. Petersburg," "A Divided World," "Bicycle Thieves," etc. All enquiries to: Hon. Sec., 40 Ecclesbourne Gdns., N.13. Membership open to all.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 22 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron. Tkts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

NEDERLANDS Kamerkoor, conducted by Felix de Nobel, direct from Edinburgh Festival. Wigmore Hall, Sat., Sept. 8, at 3. 9s., 6s., 3s.; at hall, Chappell's, agents. Management: Nicholas Choveaux.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Pianoforte Recital by Elsie Jacobs, Sunday, Sept. 2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LAN. 6593). 1st dance of season, Sat., Sept. 1, 7.30-11 p.m., 81 Portland Place, W.1. Everybody welcome. Refreshments. Adm., members, 2s.; guests 3s.

WILLESDEN Music Festival, Nov. 26 to Dec. 1, 1951. Pianoforte, Vocal, Choral, Strings, Organ, Other Instrumental, Music Campn., Speech and Drama, Ballet, Folk Dancing. Cash awards, Trophies, Medals. Free Scholarships to Guildhall School of Music. Syllabus and all particulars from H. W. F. Harris, Entertainments Manager, Town Hall, Dyne Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

EXHIBITIONS

ART Exhibition & Competition (Oils and Watercolours) at the Willesden Festival Show, September 15 & 16, Roundwood Park, N.W.10. Attractive awards. Particulars, Entry Forms, from H. W. F. Harris, Ents. Manager, Town Hall, Dyne Rd., N.W.6.

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints, complete range on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. A new illustrated catalogue, price 6d., ready next month. Please write for a copy.

THE Tate Gallery. Theatrical Pictures from the Garrick Club. Until Sept. 9. Weekdays 10-6. Suns. 2-6. Licensed Restaurant.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum, 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 20 Bruton St., W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec. Prints and Posters from the Chatell Collection. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. Open till Sept. 4. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thur., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LYONS Lithographs. Exhibition of the Second Series with original designs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open until September 1. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thur., 10-8. Adm. free.

R.B.A. Gallery, 6j Suffolk St., S.W.1. Ten Decades. Review of British taste from most academic to most advanced. 10-5 dly.

REDFERN Gallery: 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Ceri Richards and Denis Mathews. Also contemporary English & French paintings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Ceramic Figures by Audrey Blackman, on the 4th Floor, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1.: Maurice Utrillo—20 Paintings. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Part II of Artists of Fame and Promise. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open-Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk dly. Last day Sept. 30. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

SICKERT Exhibition, South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6, Sats. 10-5. Free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., Rosalie de Méric & William Hartwell. Daily 11-6, Sats. inc.

TRADITIONAL Art from the Colonies. Colonial Office Festival Exhibition, Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Until September 30. Admission free.

BRITISH Abstracts, 1951. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

EDUCATION in Moscow: a talk by Mr. Granville Prior, on his recent visit to Moscow. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Mon., September 3, 7.30 p.m. 1s. 6d. at door. Fabian International Bureau.

DANIEL George on "Letter-Writers," Saturday, Sept. 1, at 3 p.m. Robert Speaight on "Gerard Manley Hopkins," Thursday, Sept. 6, at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Sept. 4, at 7.45 p.m. Julius Fucik Memorial lecture, by Stephen Jolly, translator of "Report from the Gallows." Chairman: Jack Lindsay. Adm. free. Come and honour a great anti-fascist whose message lives on.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30. 3rd: "Hypnosis" by W. D. Furneaux, M.Sc., Inst. of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital. 10th: "Dianetics," D. H. Stephens. 17th: "Atlantis and the Lost Civilisation," J. Foster Forbes. 24th: "Work of the Hansard Society," Miss Susan Evans.

JEWISH Forum for discussion on topical Jewish questions, arranged by the World Jewish Congress, British Section, 1. "Can Jewry Rely on the United Nations?" G. I. Smith, Director, United Nations Information Centre, London. L. C. Green, Lecturer in International Law and Relations at University College, London. Dr. Maurice L. Perlzweig, Consultant of the World Jewish Congress to the United Nations. Sept. 4, 8 p.m. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43-4 Gt. Windmill St., W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Menace of Malan," by Rev. George Norton. Questions and Discussion. Thursday, Sept. 6, 8.0 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 2s. 6d. at door.

"BULGARIA To-day." Speakers: Dean of Canterbury (just returned) & Derek Kartun (Chairman Commander Edgar Young. Holborn Hall, Wed., Sept. 12, 7.30 p.m. 6d.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum Brains Trust on "Can the Clothing Industry Avoid a Slump?" Leslie Beckett, A. N. Silver, N. Mindel, Theo. R. Hewitt, Q.M.: Andrew Milne. Thurs., Sept. 6, 7.30. Criterion Restaurant, Lower Regent St., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WEL. 0136.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1 (Gro. 6186): September 5th: Public View. Discussion on Growth and Form. Exhibition (chair John Summerson). 13th: Discussion on South Bank Exhibition (chair Sir Gerald Barry).

KNOWLEDGE of Supersensible Facts an urgent necessity to-day. Lecture by H. Poppelbaum, Ph.D. Munich. Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, Fri., Sept. 7, 7 p.m.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga. Caxton Hall, S.W.1 Tuesdays at 1 p.m. Sept. 4: True Happiness. Sept. 11: Bondage and Release. Sept. 18: Yoga and Karma.

SHAW Society. Speakers: "Sagittarius," Kathleen Lonsdale on Moscow, Compton Mackenzie, &c. Discussions, rambles, bulletin: apply 45 Steeplestone Close, Islington, N.18.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. Sept. 4: "Mind in the Waking State—Willing." All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Sept. 5, 6.30: "Meeta in Daily Life," Mr. A. Purfurst.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Sept. 2: The Kingly Mystery.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. September 8 at 6 p.m. Alliance Française Lecture.

REPORT of Berlin Youth Festival: Hampstead Town Hall, Wed., Sept. 5 at 8 p.m. Admission 6d.

LONDON Crusade for Peace opens Sat. Sept. 1. Assemble Hyde Park 2.30 p.m. March to Rally at Chenies St. 4 p.m. Speakers: S.O. Davies, M.P.; Youth Delegates John Eyre and Aubrey Lytton.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

TOUCH-typing private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE Poetic and the Practical Life: A Discussion of the social function of the Arts. Alex. Farquharson, M.A., Sept. 14-16, Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

WORLD Spiritual Communist Congress for Peace and Unity, Holborn Hall, Sept. 3 to 9, 7 p.m. All sessions 10s., single sessions 1s. 6d. Tkts at door.

WEEK-END Conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, Sept. 15-17. Sessions opened by R. S. W. Pollard: The Reform of the Marriage and Divorce Laws; J. W. Thomas: Problems and Developments in Nationalised Industry; H. J. Eckbam: The Future of Anglo-American Relations. A social event will include Shaw dramatic items. Inclusive charge, single rooms, 32s. 6d. Full details, The Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Place, London, W.2.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evgs. 7 to 9. Begins September 17. Fee 1 *guinea*. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

CHORAL Speaking Classes on Friday evenings, 6.30-8.0 p.m., commencing September 28, and Advanced Choral Speaking Classes on Monday evenings, 6.45-8.15 p.m., commencing September 24, will be held at The Speech Fellowship, 1 Park Crescent, Portland Place, London, W.1 (Langham 5147). Full particulars from the Secretary.

"LEISURE-TIME" Courses in: Marriage and the Home, The Bible in a Scientific Age, Background to Philosophy, Literature, Art of Writing, Foreign Background, Story of London, Travel, Art, Music, Drama, Languages, Crafts, Cookery (Men & Women), Folk and Old Time Dancing. Canteen, Common Room and Library, at Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (EUS. 1816). Term starts Mon., Sept. 24. Enrolment Mon., Sept. 17. Syllabus from Warden.

SPANISH. Hispanic Council term begins Sept. 24. Portuguese Language Committee term begins Oct. 3. Evening classes for students at all stages. Details: Educational Director, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

THE National Under-Fourteens Council announces a Part-time Training Course for workers in Junior Clubs and Play Centres, to be held in London from September, 1951, to July, 1952. The Course will be in charge of a qualified tutor. Further particulars from Donald Sutherland, 20 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

LANGHAM Higher Studies Centre. Miss M. Lee-Warner, M.A. Girls leaving Public Year's course Citizenship, Languages, Literature, Shorthand-Typing if desired. Opening October 1. 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. MAYFAIR 2824.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance (Matric., Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels), Oxford, Cambridge and other, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees, instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

SECRETARIAL Training. Also evening classes Gregg & Pitman shorthand, typewriting. Mrs. King, 115 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 5855.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to The Secretary, Mt. A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

RE-EDUCATION of movement and posture and reduction of overtension due to bodily and psychological stress. Trained teachers and medical supervision. Photographs and films used as teaching aids. Enquiries, Secretary, Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11 (Park 7222).

OXFORD. Wychlea Domestic Science House. One year after-school domestic science course for twelve resident students. Cultural opportunities. Apply: The Warden, 4 Birdwell Road.

DARSYA School of Rehabilitation: Teaching of Arts, Handicrafts and Languages, as well as Psychological Rehabilitation for disabled children and adults. Special courses and classes for the weak-sighted and the blind. 12 Melrose Ave., S.W.19. Ring between 1 & 3 p.m., Wimbledon 7520.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

LET your children move freely and in rhythm to music and percussion in special classes at Lilian Harmel's Dance Studio. 48/2 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 3500.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Hotel, Earls Court, 29 West Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.5, offers comfortable board residence with special terms for permanent guests, also bed and breakfast. Terms reasonable. 'Phone FRObisher 1000.

SINGLE and double accommodation with partial board available. A comfortable home with good food. Terms from 3½gns. 'Phone MAI 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

DOUBLE and single divan bed-sitting rooms (constant H. & C. in each room). Bed & breakfast 3gns. or 4gns. including dinner. 12 Sussex Place, W.2. PAD. 0837.

KENSINGTON flat. Furnished room, c.h., c.h.w., breakfast. Extra facilities if applicant prepared sit-in occasionally. Student preferred. Box 5336.

MARRIED couple offered full use elegant flat sharing with mother and ten-year-old son. Bed and breakfast. Six guineas a couple. AMBassador 4829.

FURN. flat for prof. pair vac. W.C.1. New, clean, H.W., Tel. 6gns. TER. 8161.

TWO well-furnished rooms to let, Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. Phone SPE. 5623 after 6.30 p.m. or write Box 5681.

BEDROOM with breakfast offered to student or professional or business man in superior house near Swiss Cottage. Please telephone PRImrose 0695.

ROOM with board for student similar available in professional household, artistic interests. Hampstead Gdn. Sub. Box 5526.

OCTOBER. Two girls offer 3rd share s.c. furnished flat, Hampstead, £2 16s. 6d. weekly inc. Box 5476.

BETWEEN Chiswick & Kew Bridge, 4 min. 55 bus. Chiswick 5.R., to let from Oct. 1, furn., double B.S.—2 divans, gas-griller, Ascot heater. Use bath, telephone; meals later by arrangement. Suit 2 girls—students or prof. overseas & colonial students welcomed. 2½gns. p.w., inclusive light, heat, cleaning. Box 5375.

LARGE attractive bed-sitting room with partial board in prof. woman's quiet house, lovely garden. CRO. 0869.

TO let, furnished, for 1 year: 2 rooms—kitchen/dining, bed/sitting, sleep 1 or 2. Use of bathroom, 'phone. 7 mins. Sidcup Stn. 2½gns. Box 5538.

ATTRACTIVE cot. nr. Bala, furn. h. & c., e.l., low rent, Oct.-Mar. Box 5537.

FURNISHED Regency Cottage to let October-Easter. Four rooms and kitchen-bathroom. Gas-cooker. Ascot Multi-point. All mains services. 3 miles Teignmouth. 200ft. above estuary. Bus passes door. Write Murley Grange, Bishopsteignton.

SEASIDE house near Chichester to let October-May. Low rent in return for work on garden. Box 5516.

FURNISHED 7-rmd. all-elec. cottage to let mid-Sept. 3gns. weekly. Spec. terms long let. Walker, Veryan, Truro.

SELSEY, Sussex. Tiny white weatherboarded cottage, on edge of sea, available October to March. Exposed position but warm and comfortably furnished. 3 bedrms., living-rm., bathroom, kitchen, sun-porch. Gas, elec. Rough garden. 2½gns. weekly. Verney, Runwick House, Farnham, Surrey.

EXCHANGE 5-room 3rd floor flat Highgate for smaller. Box 5563.

WOMAN sociologist reqs. unfurn. flat 1/2 rooms, max. rent £2; max. f. & f. £50; pref. Central London. Box 5324.

CANADIAN Headmaster and wife desire self-contained accommodation in London, minimum 3 months, central if poss. Box 5606.

MUSIC student, senior, female, requires board, with or without piano, reasonably central. Box 5617.

WARWICKSHIRE. Country accom. reqd., single. Daily reach bus/train Warwick. Pref. partly furnished. Box 5619.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 238 and 239

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